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GEORGE STREET, 30 CORNHILL, LONDON, E. C., AGENT FOR THE RECEIPT OF SUBS-
SCRIPTIONS AND ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADDRESS, PUBLISHER OF "THE NATION," BOX 6732, NEW YORK.

The Week.

FLAKE'S BULLETIN, which is a sound Republican paper published in Galveston, Texas, thinks it cannot for the life of it make Northern men understand clearly the real state of things in Texas, and then proceeds to make one more attempt at making the *Nation* comprehend the situation. It appears, then, that a large portion of "our 150,000,000 acres are substantially in a state of nature; civil government has never been actually administered over their soil. Every man is a law unto himself. He administers justice for himself"—a fact to which we may properly call the attention of Mr. Reverdy Johnson and the "Texas Steamship and Emigration Company." "The revolver is the only executive, and a man's conscience, if he has any, the only judiciary. Therefore it comes that deeds of violence take the place of judicial executions"—only it is of very frequent occurrence that the gentleman who in decent communities would adorn the gallows, in Texas momentarily mounts the bench and passes sentence on the other party. "But this wild state of nature," the *Bulletin* goes on, "is taken advantage of by roving bands of outlaws," and these bands, being composed of "old Confederate soldiers," "naturally oppress, maltreat, and murder Union men and negroes. . . . Let them murder a Confederate, and the public conscience would be outraged;" but the political feeling of the people permits the murder of the black or white loyalists. Besides these chronic murderers and pillagers, there is another excellent class of persons who inhabit the more settled portions of the State, and whom the *Bulletin* describes as "friends and acquaintances of the regular banditti," and "who will do killing on very small provocation, and, in many cases, without provocation at all." Finally comes "Galveston, and places situated like it"—and exceedingly few such places there are—where the negro has "every protection, privilege, and immunity that he has in Boston." We will not say that we doubt this statement; indeed, without putting it quite so strongly, we have ourselves said that in Galveston, and we believe we spoke of the German districts too, there is probably safety for the negroes and the Unionists.

Two or three counties of Arkansas are a little Texas. We spoke last week of the defeat of a gang of outlaws by a body of State troops in Sevier County, not far from Centre Point. The militia probably had the best of it, and the enemy were thought to be a good deal demoralized. They have, however, recovered courage, and on the 10th instant a company of two hundred of them marched into Centre Point, impounded all the inhabitants in a field outside the town, and rifled every house. The next day, there being a mass-meeting of the citizens of the town and its neighborhood, the same men reappeared and fired on the crowd, dispersing it. Three of the principal citizens were then taken out and shot. So says the *Memphis Appeal*. What General

Catterson was doing all this time, we are not told; but from his own account of the force at his command, the rebels are stronger than he. From Louisiana the news is that Mr. Menard, a negro, is elected to fill out an unexpired term, and will take his seat in this present Congress. He is elected to represent the Second District—a great part of his opponent's vote having been thrown out by the canvassers on the ground of fraud. Apparently the other four districts will be represented, for a time at least, by Democrats. General Rousseau has sent in his report to General Grant. He says some undoubtedly true things, though he does not say them without some indications of bitter feeling, concerning sundry persons of the "carpet-bagger" class; and he is at pains to excuse himself, on the ground of the smallness of the garrison, for standing by and seeing the election made a farce; but we must say we are not willing to accept his excuses as sufficient. Doubtless, he had too few troops. Grant says, in his brief report to Secretary Schofield, that more troops will be needed at the South; and if Louisiana does not need more, no part of the South does. Yet we shall believe that, even with the small means at his disposal, General Rousseau might have done more by a good deal than he did. As he says himself "Officers of the army generally, and my staff especially, always found their uniform ample protection against either violence or the slightest disrespect." So efficacious a uniform might profitably, we should say, have been shown on a few files of soldiers at the principal polling places of New Orleans.

General Meade's Department furnishes what other Southern news there is. Governor Scott has just sent a very cheerful message to the South Carolina Legislature. The receipts of the State for the six months just ended were \$435,573, while the expenditures for the same period were \$409,688, and the governor thinks there is no State which has a fairer prospect of meeting all its liabilities—a prospect the fairness of which is not diminished by the fact that Mr. R. Tomlinson has been made auditor. In conclusion, Governor Scott expresses a belief that, in view of the assurances of prominent Conservatives that they intend to submit willingly to the popular voice, the Legislature should deal generously with the men now under political disabilities. General Meade makes his annual report, a cautious and clever document, which seems to be a very satisfactory vindication of the military rule in Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and the Carolinas, which during the year have been under his and General Canby's control. He justly says: "No army in previous history was ever called on to discharge such delicate and responsible duties, involving powers that if abused might have led to the most serious consequences; and yet the transition from military to civil power was so imperceptible as to have passed unnoticed but for the special means, by way of proclamations, orders, etc., employed to make it public." By the way, during the entire civil administration of General Meade, a period of eight months, there were, in our American "Poland" and "Ireland" put together, exactly thirty-two persons tried by military commission. Of these the commissioners themselves discharged seventeen. As for the remaining fifteen, the sentences of four were disapproved, those of eight were remitted, those of two were referred to the President for his action, while that of just one man is now being served out. This is heartrending, when we think that the population of General Meade's district is only some millions, and we can fancy the feelings of Mr. Anthony Trollope when he hears of it.

Mr. Attorney-General Evarts, who is a master of the art of chaffing, has recently been giving a sardonic opinion for the enlightenment of certain printers, out of whom he must have got nearly as much amusement as he got from the Chinese ambassadors or the managers in the impeachment trial. The printers, who are employed by the Treasury

Department, and are getting ten hours' pay for eight hours' work, wish to know whether the Secretary of War is justified in making a reduction of wages when his employees shorten the length of their working day. "The conclusion, then, to which I come," says Mr. Evarts, "is that the recent act does *not* require that the wages for the shortest day of Government labor should be reduced in proportion to the hours of labor, and that the act *as little* requires that the wages of the shortened day should be as large as the wages of the longer day of private employment." However, the Attorney-General concedes, seriously, no doubt, that when Congress passed the eight-hour law "the theory appears to have been that the laboring man or mechanic . . . would be enabled to accomplish daily as much upon an average in eight hours' constant labor as he formerly did in ten or even a longer period, while he would enjoy a longer season for mental and moral improvement." Apparently there is still a chance for Mr. Banks to signalize his devotion to the true interests of the laborious men who toil and sweat while people like the Evartses drone away their time in idleness.

We suppose there were very few respectable men in the city who were not greatly rejoiced last week at hearing that Judge Barnard had got a grand jury to indict the editor of the *Times* for libelling him, simply because the trial of the indictment would in reality have been the trial of the judge himself, the editor, though nominally the defendant, appearing as prosecutor on behalf of a long-suffering community. Mr. Raymond, however, was guilty of the unpardonable indiscretion of expressing his satisfaction at hearing of the indictment, and announcing his readiness to prove everything he had ever said against the judge's reputation—the fact being, as everybody who knows anything about the matter at all knows very well, that he could have proved five times as much as the *Times* or any other newspaper has ever said. Of course it was useless to hope after this that the case would be brought to trial, and the last news is that it has been dropped. The judge's complaint in his charge, that the attacks on him were "impairing his usefulness," and his allegation that, so far from being enriched by corruption, he was dependent on his judicial salary and "the charity of his wife" for his means of subsistence, were capital specimens of the coarse humor with which the City Hall politicians lighten the tedium of their business hours. We doubt if anybody will ever succeed in getting the accusations against His Honor judicially investigated, and the present, or any probable, composition of the Legislature renders impeachment hopeless.

Another excellent illustration of the condition of the administration of justice in this city, and of the condition to which the administration of justice *tends* in every city in which the judges and the public prosecutor are elective, was afforded on Saturday evening last by the speech of District-Attorney Oakey Hall, the Democratic candidate for the mayoralty, and who, on Tuesday, became mayor elect. He declared to a crowded meeting that one reason why he wanted to keep his present office (that of district-attorney) was that he might "stand as a barrier between the liberties of the people on one side and the despotism of Radicalism on the other," and he went on to explain what he meant by this by saying "that, although they had passed a great many bills up at Albany about boards of health and boards of excise," "somehow the press of business in his office was always so great that he had never yet found time to prosecute a man for taking a drink after twelve o'clock"—a statement which naturally excited "prolonged cheering and considerable merriment." In other words, the public prosecutor here openly avows that he takes it on himself to decide what laws ought to be executed and what not, and makes a special boast of suspending the operation of a law which, in a great city swarming with ruffians, makes it penal to keep grog-shops open after midnight or to drink in them.

Most of the phenomena attendant on the spread of Butlerism are sadening, but some of them are very comical. Mr. G. W. Curtis is just now delivering a lecture on "Morals in Politics" which is a really admirable delineation of the greatest danger of democratic societies, and of the straight and narrow way through which salvation must be sought. It was composed and first delivered in this city long before the new sect

took its rise in Massachusetts, and contains a mention, by way of illustration, of the renowned pirate Captain Kidd. Mr. Curtis has recently been repeating the lecture in Salem, and the depreciatory use made of Kidd's name so provoked the Butlerites who were present that they hissed violently, evidently feeling that anybody who spoke disrespectfully of Kidd must have their own master in his mind. Mr. Curtis has since explained that Kidd was in the lecture from the beginning, and was not introduced for the purpose of discharging a dart at any local idol; and that the application of the illustration to their prophet was the Butlerites' own doing. We advise the leading members of the denomination to fight against this really morbid sensitiveness, because it will give scandal if one cannot speak disapprovingly of Dick Turpin or Sixteen-string Jack, and the like, in mixed company at Salem or Lynn, without giving offence or creating a disturbance.

In our article of last week commenting on the recent performances of Erie Railroad directors their counsel, who is supposed to have advised them, when preparing their plan of operations, was spoken of in terms in which we freely admit no lawyer ought to be spoken of on account of the discharge of strictly professional duties. We may add, that, although we have received no remonstrance from anybody in the present case touching anything we have said, this portion of our criticism appeared through an oversight. The only portion of a lawyer's career which is a proper subject of newspaper criticism is that which the public witnesses. His private advice to his clients is something about which neither the public nor the newspapers are likely to be well informed, and it therefore did not form in the present instance a proper basis for strongly worded and hostile comment such as ours was.

The *Journal des Economistes* for September contains a singular piece of correspondence, consisting of a letter from Mr. Henry C. Carey, of Philadelphia, asking for the grounds of the charge made against him in a late number of that periodical of having been the partisan or apologist of slavery, followed by a letter from the author of the charge, M. Benard, justifying it. M. Benard says he is unable to cite any passage of Mr. Carey's works in support of his accusation, but he alleges "that at two meetings of the Political Economy Society in Paris Mr. Carey offered a complete apology for slavery, and even went so far as to maintain that the old states of Europe would be compelled to adopt that deplorable institution." On the first occasion his theories were combated by one of the vice-presidents, who defended the freedom of the laborer. On the second occasion when, M. Benard says, Mr. Carey set forth (*exposa*) his ideas on the same subject, he was met in debate by M. Benard himself, supported by Messrs. Paul Coq and Villiaume, and their defence of freedom against the American economist was applauded by the whole meeting. This is a strange story, and we find no contradiction of it in the October number of the *Journal*. The last has not yet reached us. M. Benard adds an insinuation that Mr. Carey's protectionist ideas have a close connection with his hostility to free labor, and that a man who won't let people sell or buy where *they* please cannot have much scruple about making them work where *he* pleases; which is, however, absurd. There are but few protectionists who do not really believe that both capitalist and laborer are benefited by the artificial raising of prices.

The argument and judgment in the English Court of Common Pleas on the women's claim to vote reached us by the last mail, but neither is in any way remarkable. Mr. Coleridge, on behalf of the women, made a brilliant display of lore and ingenuity, but made no impression on the court; and his junior, who had probably prepared himself elaborately, and enjoyed his novel relation to the whole female sex, was about to argue the case all over again, doubtless with the addition of some such flowers of rhetoric as adorn discussions of these questions at conventions, but the court, being old and heartless, snubbed him. The judges were unanimously of opinion that "man" in the act of Parliament did not mean "woman"—women being "legally incapacitated" at common law for voting, Mr. Coleridge having failed to produce anything better on the other side than very old and doubtful cases of what might be called her semi-discharge of political functions. In fact, he was obliged to admit that for hundreds of years there

had been no case of her exercise of the right to vote; and this the court held to be equivalent to proof that the right did not exist. Mr. Justice Byles, in delivering the closing opinion, expressed the hope that the unanimous decision of the court would "for ever exorcise and lay this ghost of a doubt which never ought to have arisen;" a piece of judicial emphasis which was received by the bar with "laughter." The claim has, however, brought the fact to light that a great many women *do* want to vote. In Manchester alone 5,346 claimed registration, and thousands more did so in other places, and we may be sure the number will grow.

The French Government has been madly and furiously prosecuting a batch of Paris editors for being mixed up in what is called the "Affaire Baudin"—that is, for going to Baudin's tomb and laying *immortelles* on it on the anniversary of his death, or for delivering a speech over it, or for having published lists of subscriptions for the erection of a monument to his memory. The courts have gravely decided that no one of these acts taken separately is criminal, but that taken together they constitute a "manœuvre" calculated to excite "hatred and contempt of the Government." Baudin was a deputy of the National Assembly who, on the 3d of December, 1851, when the Assembly had outlawed the President, and called on all good citizens to take arms in defence of the constitution, went bravely to the barricades and encouraged the working-men to fight. One of them replied jeeringly that they were not going to risk their lives to save for him his twenty-five francs a day (official pay), and he, in reply, with that strange French heroism which in its highest manifestations is literally the most resplendent form of courage, replied that "he would show them how a man could die for twenty-five francs a day," and, mounting the barricade, fired on the advancing troops, and fell riddled by a return volley. One of the last acts of old Berryer, who has just died full of years and honors after one of the most brilliant forensic careers of modern times, was to subscribe to Baudin's monument. He was one of those who encouraged him to take arms, he said, in defence of the law, and he was bound to honor his memory. Nevertheless, the sudden display of affection for Baudin after seventeen years of semi-oblivion is rather a sign of hostility to the Empire, we fear, than of reverence for a martyr to liberty.

The French press sometimes gives itself airs with regard to that of the United States, and holds up its hands in horror over the violence of the language used by American editors in political discussion. We, therefore, have highly enjoyed the following, which comes from the *Pays* in reply to the *Cloche*. The *Pays* is a Government paper, and the editor-in-chief, M. de Cassagnac, is, if we are not mistaken, a senator and a man of the world. His son, M. Paul, the "managing editor," is reputed to be the best swordsman in France, and is a noted duellist. The latter is probably the author of the following gem, which no Northern editor, we venture to say, has ever approached, though some of the "lively" correspondents of the "wholesome and independent family papers" will probably grow green with envy when they read it. It is the kind of stuff some of them would like to produce, but cannot. Ferragus had expressed his astonishment that Cassagnac should call himself an "independent journalist," he (Ferragus) knowing well that the wretch drew pay from the Secret Service Fund. To which Cassagnac:

"There are people with whom nobody discusses, but who are merely chastised. Ferragus, the editor of the *Cloche*, is of the number. This man, whom we all know, who exhibits himself comfortably in his *fauteuil* on the first representation of pieces in the theatres, is one of the most repugnant members of the press. He exhibits in his greasy person at once the wretched undertaker's man, the wretched doctor, the wretched advocate, the wretched Jesuit. This periodical and weekly abscess comes out every Saturday in the *Cloche*; and, what is unheard of for an abscess, though pierced, remains not the less swollen and tumefied. He wished to take the place of Rochefort. But those who employ a lantern and a crook at night (rag-pickers), and creep along the walls, are not Rocheforts. He carries on opposition as another sells groceries, because it is profitable, but without conviction, ardor, or enthusiasm. It is all a matter of traffic: so much the heap, and thirteen make the dozen! It is a mere mercantile opposition—a retail trade—an opposition that makes money, and speculates in 'liberty, equality, and fraternity,' an opposition which defiles the temple. Away, away, or beware of the lash! The actor Garrick said one day to a comedian of enormous bulk—more enormous even than the body of Ferragus—'You are so fat that nobody can beat you in the day.' *Au revoir, we shall return to you.*'"

Mr. Layard tells, in a letter to the London *Times*, a story of the revival of art and industry at Venice which is really wonderful, if true. We gave some account a fortnight ago of the resuscitation of the glass manufacture. He shows that the imports in 1867 amounted to \$26,000,000, as compared to \$23,000,000 in 1863; the exports in 1867 to \$20,000,000, as compared to \$16,000,000 in 1863. The tonnage of vessels leaving Venice increased by one-third in the same period. Venetian steamers begin to run once more, as the galleys did of old, to all the great ports of Europe; and—though last, not least—there are now 224 district schools where, in 1866, there were only eight; and manufactorys of silk, cloth, cotton, paper, and fire-arms are springing up in all the cities of the mainland. The nobility, after eighty years of eclipse and two hundred years of sloth and degradation, are throwing themselves once more into politics, art, industry, and commerce with much of the old energy which built the city and made it famous.

The new electoral law in Spain, under which the Constitutional Convention is to be elected, gives a vote to every citizen over twenty-five years of age who has not been deprived of his political rights by judicial sentence. The republicans seem to be gaining in strength, for the obvious reason that they are strong in the great centres of population, and therefore are able to make more show in agitating than the monarchists. They are stronger, too, as might be expected, in orators, and a good deal more fervid; but there ^{seem} little doubt that if it came to a counting of votes, or a trial of physical strength, they would be worsted. The monarchists, on the other hand, have the middle classes and the peasantry and the army, the last being the most important of all. No European army is republican, and the Spanish army as little as any; and it, like the Roman army, has unfortunately got used to being called on to decide the fate of the nation. But the monarchists have lost enormously by their having no candidate ready when the throne was vacated. The process of casting about for a king not only chills enthusiasm, but is ridiculous, and, if long protracted, is enough to make monarchy impossible. The candidate most spoken of at present is Espartero, who, being childless and seventy-six years old, would fill the throne just long enough to give the monarchists time to look about them. The title mentioned for him is something which "Greece and Rome in their palmy days" never dreamed of—"Balduinero I." One of the best signs of the times is the rapidity with which the popular loan is taken. But the excitement is running so high in the cities that fears are entertained of a bloody collision between the two parties; and should this occur, on ever so small a scale, all hope of a rational revolution would be gone.

While Prince Charles of Roumania, in opening the session of the Bucharest Chambers, declares the foreign relations of his country to be on an excellent footing, evidences of grave complications on the Lower Danube are daily becoming more numerous. A despatch from Pesth announces that M. Orczy, in addressing, in the name of the Imperial Chancellor Von Beust, the united delegations now assembled at Pesth, of the Austrian Reichsrath and Hungarian Diet, declared the relations of Roumania both with Turkey and Austria to be unfriendly, and requiring "a careful watch" on the part of the Vienna Government, "in common with the other great powers." The Bulgarian disturbances, it is true, are rather of an imaginary kind; the late attempts at insurrection in that province have proved a total failure; but, on the other hand, there is no longer any doubt that they have been the offspring of machinations fostered within the limits of Roumania, and that the Government of that state, openly instigated by Russia, secretly encouraged by Prussia—Prince Charles is a Hohenzollern—and led by reckless politicians like Bratiano, is ready at the first opportune moment to enter upon a career of aggression, with the aim of achieving both total independence of Turkey—to which very little is wanting even now—and the annexation of Transylvania, the Wallach population of which is being stirred up by emissaries against the Hungarians. Our "latest," by telegraph from Bucharest, however, announces a change in the Roumanian cabinet and "the displacement of the war party." But this is likely to prove but a momentary change of attitude.

GRANT AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THERE are rumors afloat already that the Jenckes Civil Service Bill begins to find unexpected favor in the eyes of politicians at Washington, and we have little doubt that the number of its supporters will—now that it is plain that Grant does not intend to work under the old system—grow every day, and that the measure will, early in the Forty-first Congress, become a law. Not that we should have despaired of success even if Grant had not been elected, and his place during the coming four years were to be filled by one of the regular party hacks. It would have taken more time to bring about the desired result, but the result would still have been certain; the outrageous misconduct and incompetency of the present tribe of office-holders would have made the necessity of the reform plain to the public, even without the aid of set expositions from its friends or the active support of the new President. But without the aid of the President the task of "educating" the regular politicians "up" to the change would, we admit, have been difficult. They themselves enjoy, mightily, "educating" the people "up" to the level of their own crazes, but they are extremely chary about receiving ideas that seem likely to lessen their importance to the state. There is probably nothing in the whole political field more provoking, and at the same time more amusing, than the air of drunken doubt and disapproval with which "the men inside politics," as they call themselves, look down from the stump on all reformatory labors out of which no "capital" is to be made. Any change which seems likely to lessen the number of things they can promise—and therefore their weight with their followers—or the support of which involves the denial of something to somebody, or the utterance of unpleasant speeches about the machinery of their own party, they endeavor to treat as visionary, and laugh over it as long as they dare. But the minute they find that it *is* to be, that there are influences working for it against which they cannot make head, their conversion becomes so rapid that the difficulty is to baptize them fast enough. Had they succeeded in putting one of their own number in the Presidential chair, they would, owing to the enormous amount and value of the patronage now in the hands of the Government, have offered a resistance to any change which nothing but an overwhelming outburst of popular indignation could have overcome, and we should probably have witnessed four years of corruption in every possible form, which would compare with the corruption of the last eight years as the finished work of a man compares with the tentative efforts of a boy.

It must be remembered that "the whiskey thieves," which now seems to be the generic name of that vast and growing class who devote themselves to plundering the Government as to a profession, have been, until now, comparatively unskilled in their work. It took some years to discover the various devices by which the Government could be cheated, officials bribed, evidence destroyed or covered up, and to draw into the business the leading rogues of the country and the vast body of capital which is now literally invested in the robbery, just as it has taken ten years for the rogues of this city to find out the use for their purposes that might be made of an elective judiciary. It is no exaggeration to say—as those who know most about it assure us most earnestly—that there is no "interest" in the United States so strong, so compact, so well organized, with so much money and so much skill and ingenuity at its command at this moment, as the body of persons who are engaged in defrauding the public treasury. Their creatures swarm in every department of the public service, except the army and navy, and do their bidding without hesitation. Their "lobby" is so powerful that they find no difficulty in arresting and delaying any piece of legislation that seems likely to diminish their profits. Nay, they are strong enough, as we have recently seen, to stay proceedings in the courts, close the lips of the public prosecutor in the very midst of a process, and hurry him away to become himself a culprit elsewhere. Moreover, there is no chance whatever of bringing the party machinery into play against them, because they take care, we need hardly say, to commit no breach of the party canons. They are all, or nearly all, "sound on the main question;" in fact, in the matter of orthodoxy, they usually outdo everybody else, and are as intolerant of heresy as the grand inquisitor

himself. With one of themselves in the Presidential chair, or with any man in it who was thoroughly broken to the party yoke, they would have proved for the present invincible, and they would, on the opening of the new term, have gone to work with all the advantages of eight years' training and experience.

Grant comes, therefore, into the civil service of the country as he came into command-in-chief of the army, after three years of blundering and disaster, literally as a saviour; and in the former as in the latter case, he comes to meet a crisis for which his career and training seem to have especially prepared him. Had he reached his present elevation, as most of his more recent predecessors have reached it, after having "filled every office in the gift of the people, from village alderman," etc., or after having begun his political education in ward caucuses and worked up into State or national prominence through the hidden and crooked ways in which so many so-called statesmen lay the foundations of their fame and earn their reputation for wisdom, he would have learned, as most of them have learned, to look on party usages, the most debasing as well as the most useful, as part of the organic law of American society. He would have learned to regard the best places in the public service as the "inalienable right" of those who do the work of the canvass, and the party managers as the heaven-born dispensers of the public patronage, and resistance to their will or disregard of their advice as at best a sort of mild lunacy, if not downright treachery. Luckily he has learned his duty to the country in a school in which truth and courage are still the highest virtues, in which the public money is held sacred, and in which the habit of looking on the sacrifice of life for the country as an obvious duty makes defrauding the country seem one of the meanest of vices, and in which the political art as practised in caucuses excites only disgust. Although the political tone of the American army is not, owing to the social influences by which military circles were governed before the war, perhaps all that could be desired, it is permeated by a morality which we shall have to infuse into the civil service if we are to save the Government.

Moreover, Grant has not been chosen by the party, in the sense in which candidates for the presidency are usually said to be chosen; he has been, in a measure, forced upon it; no other nomination was possible without almost the certainty of defeat. He did not seek the nomination either, and during the canvass refused steadily to contract obligations to anybody for helping to get him elected. Anybody who "worked for Grant," therefore, did so on his own responsibility; so that Grant can now meet all Republican orators, writers, and bill-stickers, drummers, scene-shifters, stage-carpenters, and rollers of thunder-barrels, with an unclouded brow and a sense of perfect independence. The result is that there is an extraordinary and almost unprecedented absence of rumors about offices; an almost unprecedented scarcity of office-seekers in Washington. In the course of the next year we confidently expect to see the theory that the present system of appointment to office has anything peculiarly "American" about it, or that any considerable portion of the public is attached to it, proved to be a fallacy and thoroughly exploded. The number of persons who take any real interest in the present system, or would mourn for one hour over its destruction, is in reality exceedingly small, and it forms a class without the least weight in the community, either as regards character or ability. The doctrine, too, that there is something peculiarly democratic in rotation in office—that is, in the periodical dismissal of one set of public servants for the purpose of giving a fresh batch of citizens a share in the profits of politics—is one which has equally little hold on the popular mind; and the success which those who live by it have had in persuading people that the country was attached to it is simply a striking illustration of what may be done by noise and impudence. This success thus far has been due simply to the fact that the exceedingly small amount of work which fell to the share of the Federal Government before the war prevented the abominations of the system from staring people in the face as they do now, though it did not prevent people from considering office-holders and office-seekers as on the whole a shiftless class.

The only argument we have seen anywhere put forward against reform is that it will ruin the Republican party, by leaving them noth-

ing to offer those who do the work of electioneering by way of reward. We believe, on the contrary, that it will simply substitute a good class of workers for a very bad class. It will cause, no doubt, the retirement in disgust of a large number of wire-pullers and orators of the baser sort; but, on the other hand, it will bring into the field a larger and larger number of the men who built up the Republican party and who now keep it alive—those who have faith in its ideas, and who belong to it not as an end but as a means—and a larger and larger number of men devoted to practical legislation, who, like Mr. Jenckes, have made a conscientious study of subjects, and want to use the party as a means of putting their conceptions into practice. The men, even now, who do the party most service during a canvass are not men who entertain any expectation of reward in the shape of Federal offices. They are either men who have already won, or who are seeking by honorable acts, such honors as the people can bestow by election, or else men for whom no office whatever has any attractions, and who serve on the stump, as many of them had served in the field, for the sake of the famous "Old Cause" for which Sydney prayed on the scaffold, and which in our day seems to run as much risk from knaves and blatherskites as in other days it ran from kings and priests.

THE FUTURE OF THE FAMILY.

THE effect of the divorce laws, as they exist in various Northern States, on morals and manners and on the family, has, during the last month or two, furnished matter for a good deal of discussion to various religious bodies, and, if we may judge from the articles in religious periodicals, is constantly occupying a large share of the attention of clergymen and reformers. It seems to be supposed that religious denominations may diminish the frequency of divorce by providing penalties in church discipline for light, thoughtless, or licentious resort to it, or by forbidding clergymen to re-marry persons who may have been divorced under certain designated conditions. The pictures which have been drawn during these discussions of the havoc which the divorce laws of various States, as administered by the courts, are playing with the family relation, are tolerably alarming. Statistics on such subjects, just like the statistics of female drunkenness, are not very reliable, however. We know, with a fair approach to accuracy, what proportion divorces bear to marriages in a given State, but the effect of divorces on morals and on children is a point on which figures tell us little that can be depended on, and yet this is after all the important point. What most concerns society is not the number of couples who have separated, but the probable effect of their separation on other couples still living together and on future marriages. About this our information is necessarily somewhat vague; and though the subject has been handled by one or two writers—President Woolsey, of New Haven, for instance—in a scientific spirit, most of the talk about it is too general, and has too much of the platform tone, to help us very far toward a conclusion as to what ought to be done. Certain results of the working of the divorce laws, or at all events certain phenomena closely connected with the divorce laws, are, however, too palpable to be overlooked or misunderstood. The sense of the sacredness of the marriage tie is unquestionably declining. The number of men and women who have separated from their wives and husbands is increasing, and the discredit of such separations is diminishing; and we are assured there is now to be found in some of the Western States a large and increasing class of children whose position may be called absolutely novel in modern society—that is, children who, without having been formally and clandestinely abandoned by their parents, are nevertheless in a state of doubt as to who are their mothers. The doubts of persons about their fathers have furnished material for coarse comedy in all ages and all countries, particularly in licentious ages and countries, but the increasing freedom of women in our age seems likely to furnish fresh materials for the jester's workshop.

The Catholic theologians and sociologists, who are now engaged in bringing back the United States to the bosom of the Church, make a great deal of the frequency of divorces amongst native Americans as an argument against Protestantism, and boast with more zeal than discretion of its rarity amongst foreign-born Catholics. But whatever

frequency of divorce may prove as to the immorality of any given community, its infrequency, we fear, proves nothing as to their morality. Catholic writers seem to live in the same pleasant and somewhat infantile delusion on this subject that Southerners live on the subject of "miscegenation." Southern philosophers have always maintained that by making the marriage of blacks and whites illegal, you can prevent the mixture of races; and Catholic philosophers just as stoutly maintain that by declaring the marriage bond indissoluble you can keep vice down to a minimum, and perhaps even prevent children being born out of wedlock, just as if marriage were not a conventional arrangement for the preservation of the family, but a natural means of perpetuating the species. The fact is, we suspect, that there are as many separations amongst Catholics who have lived long enough in the country to be Americanized as among Protestants. Whether they are formally divorced or not, concerns theologians more than jurists. There are also now, undoubtedly, more children to a marriage amongst foreign immigrants, at least in the Eastern States, than among Americans; but we must wait and see at what rate the second generation will multiply before we can draw conclusions of any value as to the effect of religion on population.

The mistake the Protestant clergy and the churches are falling into, as it seems to us, in their treatment of the question, consists in their overestimating their own power. The classes in which the marriage tie is treated most lightly, and in which divorces are most frequent, are not composed to any great extent of persons who are in formal relations with any ecclesiastical organizations, or who care anything whatever for ecclesiastical censures. Therefore, we do not believe the churches or the clergy will ever be able by direct action to produce any perceptible effect in diminishing the number of divorces, particularly as clerical disapproval cannot prevent the marriage of divorced persons. What has done most to uphold the strength of the marriage tie in all countries, this as well as others, amongst the great mass of people—the great mass being in all countries only slenderly influenced by moral or religious ideas—has been habit and public opinion. Everybody in the old society was more or less the slave of custom, and it was the custom to live with one wife; and what with the female custom of submission, and the male custom of enforcing obedience by blows and abuse, "incompatibility of temper," which troubles so many households in our day, troubled few households in former days. It was one of the unknown diseases. Moreover, when men usually lived and died on the spot where they were born, the opinion of their neighbors acted on them with a force of which we have now little idea. A man who formally broke up his family, or a woman who formally left her husband, had to face a frowning world, and the world frowned in those times so as to kill.

We have now entered on a period of general migration. Hardly anybody passes his life amongst those who knew him in his childhood. The Western States may be said to be largely peopled by persons of whose antecedents their neighbors are entirely ignorant. The Eastern States are largely peopled by persons who are ready to move at a moment's notice, and to whom their reputation in the locality in which they live is of very little consequence. Moreover, there is a large body of persons—how large few people imagine who have not given attention to the subject—who are literally rovers, and pursue fortune incessantly in railroad cars and stage coaches. The same phenomena begin to show themselves in Europe, though for obvious reasons with less prominence. In such a state of things as this, marriage has naturally lost one of its strongest supports. The married relation is one in which real permanence and strength can never be looked for amongst average men and women in the absence of high moral and religious culture, unless it has a "home" as a basis, and homes in the crisis through which the world is just now passing are necessarily less numerous than they used to be. We are witnessing the greatest movement of population that has ever taken place—a movement, including migration from Europe and the peopling of the West, compared to which the irruption of the Northern barbarians into the Roman Empire was a trifle—and as long as it lasts we must be prepared to see the very root of civilized society, the family, threatened with destruction. Towards teaching the marching columns to revere and uphold it, little

can be done suddenly, but those who look on it as the most precious possession of civilization can do much to uphold it by their example not simply in living with their wives or husbands, disagreeable as this may be in many cases, but in taking pains and making sacrifices to have a home of their own and teaching their children to love it. The married couple who, being pecuniarily able to avoid it, deliberately and permanently "board" in order to save trouble or expense, may safely be pronounced enemies of society, and deserve clerical reprobation in almost equal degree with the purchasers of Indiana divorces. All the arts which make housekeeping easier and less expensive help to make the marriage relation more secure, and at this moment and in this country there are no arts more useful to morality and social order.

It would be useless to deny, too—and we can make the admission with the better grace because we consider the present condition of women as unsatisfactory as can well be—that the woman's rights movement, or rather the set of ideas which find a limited expression in the woman's rights agitation, is doing much to weaken the family bond. One effect of it is undoubtedly to make women more and more unwilling to accept the theory of their position taught by the church and held by men, and to make men think more and more lightly of the responsibility of keeping the family pure and intact. It has undoubtedly weakened, and is every day weakening more and more, the husband's sense of accountability for the wife's conduct, and the belief, so many thousand years old, that her honor is his honor and her good name his good name. The extent to which the new ideas on these subjects already affect people who never go near a woman's rights meeting, or perhaps never heard of the movement, is greater than most of us imagine; and their first results will undoubtedly be the production of a state of things in domestic life somewhat resembling anarchy. But then, anarchy has never lasted long in any community of the Aryan race. Its societies have often gone to pieces, but out of the ruin something better has invariably grown up; and we do not doubt that the family of the future, having a better basis in justice and reason, will be a more permanent and stronger structure than the patriarchal or feudal family, which is evidently passing away. But in reconstructing the domestic relations, as in scientific research, the understanding, as Bacon says, needs not wings, but weights. Dreams and visions and flights of fancy will not help us. In deciding on what terms men and women shall live together in wedlock, as in framing the organic law of political societies, we have to remember that, no matter what views we may entertain of the ultimate destiny of humanity, man remains man, and woman woman for the present, and that the force which brings the two sexes together, though a noble passion, it is true, is also an animal passion, and a passion which influences human conduct probably more than all other agencies put together.

“THE ASIAN MYSTERY.”

WE have forgotten which of Mr. Disraeli's novels it was in which he announced the Asian Mystery to the world. We think, however, that it must have been “Coningsby,” as “Codlingsby” is certainly that one of *Punch's* “Prize Novelists” in which Thackeray so admirably burlesqued the manner of the coming premier in general and of the Israelitish phase of his writings in particular. We remember that we were all amazed to learn to what an extent the children of Israel had beguiled the hours of their exile from the Promised Land by taking possession of the highest places in the literature, the arts, the state, and even in the church, of the Gentiles among whom they were scattered. Some of the greatest Continental authors are claimed as the successors of the prophets, and many of the crucifixions and martyrdoms which make hideous the walls of Christian churches are due to the cheerful hands of concealed Jews, who thus crucified the Lord and persecuted the saints afresh under the show of burning zeal for the Holy Catholic Church. Almost all the immortal music of modern days is due to descendants of those sweet singers who sat by the rivers of Babylon and wept when their captors required of them a song. All along, the proscribed race has furnished ministers of state, and notably ministers of finance, to the Catholic powers of the Continent,

and, if Mr. Disraeli is to be believed, not a few archbishops and inquisitors and, we rather think, a Pope or two. And these Jews who all the time held to their ancient faith in secret hated and despised the superstitions and idolatries, as it seemed to them, in which they found it for their worldly advantage to take a part. Far be it from us to justify such duplicity, but we can imagine the unction with which a Jewish Grand Inquisitor might superintend the roasting of a heretic Christian, and how sweet the savor of that burnt-offering must have been in his nostrils.

Mr. Disraeli is certainly the first man of Hebrew descent who has reached the high places of political power in heterodox England, and of the many obstacles which he had to surmount during the forty years since the boyish dream of “Vivian Grey” that he had had his eye fixed on the supreme prize of English ambition, that descent was by no means the least formidable. A middle-class origin, slenderness of fortune, the want of powerful connections, at least at the beginning of their career, had been overcome by Addington and Canning, and by them only, of all the prime ministers that England has known. The taint of Hebrew blood aggravated these other difficulties of Mr. Disraeli's career, and would have made them insurmountable had it begun a half-century earlier. And the fact of his success is one of the most striking proofs of the Horatian apothegm, that men change with the changes of the times. We need not go back to the good old days of Lord Mayor Fitz-Richard, in the reign of Henry III., who let loose the populace of London on the Jews there commorant, who sacked their houses, spoiled their goods, and put some five hundred of them to death, for it is not much more than a century ago that all England was turned topsy-turvy by a simple proposition to allow Jews to be naturalized by Act of Parliament, like other aliens. The Lord Mayor of London, the Aldermen and Common Council, petitioned against the measure as destructive to trade and subversive of religion. It was urged in Parliament that, if the law passed, the Jews would get possession of church and state, and that Judaism would become so fashionable that the church would be deserted for the synagogue. The mob were excited by a senseless cry of “No Jews, no wooden shoes!” and the act had to be repealed the next session.

But we need not go back for a century to show the mighty change which time has worked in the prejudice of England against the Jews. London has undergone such a change of heart in that line that the citizens insisted on electing Baron Lionel de Rothschild one of their members for the very purpose of breaking down the bar which kept Jews out of the House of Commons. This bar consisted of the oath of abjuration of all the descendants of James II., “on the faith of a Christian.” As there had not been a descendant of the last Stuart king since the death of the Cardinal of York, about sixty years ago, there could be no object in keeping it on the statute-book excepting for the purpose of keeping the Jews out of Parliament. It took years to overcome the prejudice which yet lingered in the higher classes; but at last the obstacle was removed, and M. de Rothschild, his son and brother, Mr. Alderman Salomans, and several other of the children of Israel, entered into Parliament and possessed it, with no apparent detriment either to church or state. There have even been Jews so unmindful of their long descent as to marry their daughters to sprigs of the mushroom aristocracy of England. Knights and baronets there are good store of Hebrew race; but none of that lineage has as yet entered the House of Lords. Mr. Disraeli is the first Jew who has had a chance of taking his seat by the side of the barons whose ancestors used to draw the teeth of his by way of prevailing upon them to part with their money. But he has refused, like Pulteney, “to sink into insignificance and an earldom.”

Now, we are not much perplexed in this country by an Asian Mystery; but we have an African one that has answered the same puzzling purpose quite as well. It is not too much to say that the prejudice against the Jews all along up to a comparatively recent period was no less bitter and malignant than that which has distinguished the Universal Yankee Nation against the negroes. Indeed, more so, for it was aggravated by a superstitious dread and detestation which we have never felt as to the race of Ham. It used to be regarded as an insult to the Founder of Christianity to show kindness or even

justice to the descendants of the men who cried out, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" And it is observable that during the Middle Ages it was believed that an offensive smell proceeded from the persons of the Jews, such as is attributed to the negroes, and is our main proof that nature intended them to be slaves. Sir Thomas Browne, indeed, regards this as a vulgar error, and affirms that the statement that "an unsavoury odour is gentilitious or natural to the Jews is a fraudulent illation." Pellew, a traveller in Northern Africa, relates that when a drought prevails there the Moors, after having exhausted all Mohammedan methods for moving Heaven, set the Jews to praying, because God, however unwilling to hear their prayers for their own sakes, may yet grant their request "to be rid of the stink." And Sale tells us that the way in which the Mohammedans account for this unpleasant physical peculiarity is this: The Jews, say they, had so provoked the Lord by their stubbornness and hardness of heart in the wilderness that one day he slew the entire nation, and they remained dead for eight days before Moses could prevail on him to bring them to life again, and they and their posterity have ever since retained the look and odor of their incipient putrefaction. Now, it would have seemed as preposterously impossible for the Lord Mayor of London in 1753 to believe that Jew after Jew would sit on the civic throne, or for the Earl of Egremont and the other furious opposers of the Jew Bill to conceive that Jews would fight or buy their way into Parliament and rub shoulders there with Christians, as it would ten years ago to the slave-holders and the Northern Democrats that the question on which the Presidential election was to turn was not whether the negroes should be free from slavery, but whether they might vote and be voted for like white Christians.

The power of a gradually changing public sentiment in overcoming the rooted prejudices and overbearing the organic persecutions of the Jews being made thus evident, a like purifying process may deliver us also from the unjust and cruel prejudices, the dregs of slavery, which so extensively prevail even at the North, and which mainly encourage the passionate violence at the South aroused by the prospect of that equality of political rights on which alone public tranquillity and general prosperity can rest. The Asian Mystery having solved itself thus peacefully, we may reasonably hope that time, and no long time either, may bring a solution to our African Mystery so easy and natural that we shall wonder that we ever thought it a mystery at all.

THE PROVINCIALISM OF SOUTHERNERS.

THE murder of Pollard, the Richmond journalist, is in several of its details a curiously exact reproduction of a famous historical murder. Young Grant, like the assassin of the Regent Murray, ensconced himself in an upper chamber which commanded his victim's route; both criminals fastened themselves into the room; both made use of fire-arms, and both perfectly executed their scheme. Indeed, it is not at all difficult to believe that our American murderer was a conscious and deliberate imitator of his Scotch forerunner. The Southerner has always exhibited, if not a genius for the melodramatic, an un-Saxon or rather a childish love for it, and it would be by no means surprising if it should turn out that this Grant when he laid his seemingly cowardly plan was thinking less of saving his own skin than of the notes to Scott's novels. But the striking difference between the two crimes is that the Linlithgow tragedy is three hundred years old. People who had been indulging a hope that the South had got into the neighborhood of the nineteenth century must have been shocked to find, so far as concerns the public opinion of assassination, the Scotland of 1570 on an equality with the Virginia of 1868; to find the Southern people applauding a crime obsolete throughout all the rest of civilized Christendom; to find that apparently the South is as far from the main current of civilization as it ever was before the coming of the war, which has done so much to break up and destroy Northern provincialism that the times before 1860 seem separated from the present by a generation or two, instead of by a period of less than a decade.

It is not uninteresting to look a little into the causes of this inveterate provincialism of the South, which displays itself now in the fashion of a murder, now in the spelling of a word (the murdered man used proudly to spell *publick* with a *k*), and which, in fact, is never wanting in Southern speech or action of any kind. A Southern essayist, speaking the other day of Goethe, thought it necessary to explain that Goethe was "an acute German philosopher." Another one, a college professor, not long since announced his

intention of making some remarks on an interesting book he had recently read—Buckle's "Introduction to the History of Modern Civilization"—which is an able work, he thinks, and one likely to attract some attention, as it had then—in the summer of 1868—already been criticised in two English periodicals, the *Presbyterian Review* and the *North British*. Southern novelists still write feeble imitations of the Waverley novels; Southern scientists hold in reverence Mr. Maury and Messrs. Nott and Gliddon; Southern journalists speak with respect amounting to awe of the *National Intelligencer*, which for years has been of not the least influence in politics, and, as a newspaper, has been inferior to the *Congressional Globe*; the criticism of Jeffrey or of Doctor Johnson furnishes the Southern critic with his final standard; in theology, the exploded dogmas which the severest of the orthodox churches of Connecticut long since practically discarded are still preached from Southern pulpits; the long-winded, empty political disquisitions of the metaphysical Pogram school of orators still satisfy the Southern taste in oratory; the trivial and stupid "tournament" gratifies the Southern desire for athletic sport, while the North has invented base-ball, popularized the gymnasium, and carried rowing near to perfection; the black broadcloth coat is still the only wear for the true Southern gentleman; not yet does he entertain historic doubts concerning Captain John Smith's Pocahontas, nor disbelieve in Wilkes Booth's chivalric heroism—in short, in all things, small and great, he is a long, long way behind the age. A good book, a good poem, a good actor, a sound theory in science or a display of a thorough acquaintance with any branch of it, a tolerable newspaper, a good picture, a good statue, no one but a Southerner would expect from any Southern man or woman much sooner than he would expect ice from Key West or oranges from Labrador.

Of course slavery is at the bottom of this state of things—in many ways obviously operative in producing it, but working, too, in some ways not so obvious. No one could miss seeing how naturally and unavoidably the slaveholding South clung to the past in literature and science, and angrily rejected the present; the new order was hostile to the perpetuity of the peculiar institution which it was the whole business, and a life and death business, of the South to keep in existence. A man who depends on "cursed be Canaan" to justify him in whipping a man or selling his children is not going to take very kindly to any but the oldest Biblical criticism, nor to look in a very scientific spirit on Mr. Darwin and the development theory, nor to regard geology in its relations to Genesis with anything less than fright and horror. What else can positivism and humanitarianism be but Yankee "isms" to be denounced, when a gentleman is relying for the title to his human and other property upon the fixity of some semi-Jewish creed of cast iron? If free discussion, the indispensable guarantee of just thinking and sound conclusions, is punishable by a ride on a rail out of Macon—if one resides in Macon—there clearly are not going to be many profound sociologists, to say the least of it, in that part of Georgia. When pistolering or the penitentiary or social ostracism is customary criticism, other sorts of criticism will certainly not flourish, and there is a heavy premium on stagnation of mind.

Nor is any one likely to miss perceiving that the mere physical conditions of society in one of our agricultural slaveholding States were fatal to a high degree of intelligence among the people. Small cities at great distances from each other, plantations far apart, miles on miles of desert land abandoned for newer soil, made it physically impossible that schools should be attended, even if they had existed; even if the whole system had not, whether commercially or morally considered, imperatively demanded a foundation of dense ignorance on which to rest. And inasmuch as the generality of men learn what they are compelled to learn and little or nothing more, even the educated classes at the South, preparing themselves to satisfy the wants and the public opinion of a people principally composed of the ignorant whites and more ignorant blacks, felt the full influence of the natural tendency, and, tried by the average Northern standard, were usually half or one-fourth educated. The young student of medicine came to Philadelphia knowing that the "Old House" niggers, or "the Fripp people," and his own or his father's gang, were to be his patients, and of course he did not put himself to great exertions to learn the latest word Paris or Edinburgh had been saying in surgery or medicine. In like manner, law students living in a country where every lawyer was a possible Congressman, whose commerce was simple and not great, where business was despised, where a patent office was by no means indispensable, where the bench before which one practised was a Southern one, was in the habit of paying more attention to the Constitution of the United States and the Virginia Resolutions and his speeches thereupon in the debating-rooms, than to labors on the general body of the law. It was not otherwise with clergymen. When has the South had a distinguished divine? It has pro-

duced in great abundance that variety of clerical reasoners who could explicate "cursed be Canaan," and who, "though kind, yet were they conscientious where chastisement was needed;" and, for a non-political pulpit, the Southern pulpit was a full fountain of secession; but, in the matter of adorning the annals of the church with great names of eloquent preachers of the Word, and ministers learned in the Scriptures, the church has no very great reason to be either thankful to it or satisfied with it.

Less obviously, slavery produced provincialism of culture by encouraging all the haughtier and more unteachable elements of character. Open-mindedness is not a probable intellectual trait of a man who, from his youth up, has been accustomed to say yes and no, and enforce his word with whip or musket. The pride of the master race; the contempt for the abject instruments of his will, the slaves of his whim; the seclusion of the plantation, with its temptations to degrading ways of life—all these helped to keep the minds of the better class of Southerners closed against those humanizing and liberalizing influences without which provincialism of thought and feeling is inevitable.

The remarkable lack of the humorous element in the Southern character, preventing, as such defect must, self-criticism, and thus making it easier for the Southerner to be provincial and, consequently, in many ways ridiculous, may also be traced to the influence of the social system under which he has been living. Not merely self-reliant, but arrogant and of an aggressive and domineering will, as he had to be to maintain his position as master, it was habitual and necessary with him that he should himself be the centre of his own regards, and that not in the sentimental manner as humorists may easily be, but with self-satisfaction and self-conceit, in an egotistical way. Egotists are not humorous—so that we may say, by the way, that as a rule humorists have been poor; not many rich are called; few aristocrats of any description have been men of humor. This egotistical habit of mind is, then, a habit unfriendly to humor, which—it is a truism, but yet has provoked much wonder that seems not very necessary—is nearly allied to pathos. For the sentiment of pity regards others rather than one's self, and so, surely, does humor, the one not less than the other, though the one smiles and the other weeps, being tenderly regardful of the object with which it deals. How, then, can it be expected that vigilant, unsparing masters of slaves should find their occupation conducive to a love of the humorous? But the Southerner was peculiarly a slave-master, having been strenuously maintaining himself as such through two generations of bitter attack from every quarter. It is this want of a sense of the humorous that makes criticism avail so little with our Southern brethren. They cannot see when they are absurd. If Mr. Edward Pollard struts in the cast garments of Hume and half his disciples, and talks of "Richmond on the James," he cannot be made to see that he is laughable, and there is no hope of his reform. Mr. Gilmore Simms is absolutely incapable of learning how amusing his war poetry is. One might break one's heart, but would never teach a Southern gentleman in bombazine that tournaments are not for these days. What Southern young lady could be persuaded that she was not making an impressive display of dignity when she made faces at a Yankee? To tell the truth, one needs a tolerable supply of humor to endure them at all without extreme exasperation. It is pushing provincialism to excess when people so far forget the world at large and the opinions of mankind as to tolerate for months a most scurrilous slanderer, and then cheer his cowardly murder.

Correspondence.

HOMEOPATHY AND WOMEN IN THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An incorrect or ill-considered statement is so seldom found in *The Nation*, that when one does occur it is a matter for special comment. For this reason, I beg leave to call your attention to a statement in your "Literary Notes" of the issue of Nov. 19, which, it seems to me, is both uncandid and ill-advised.

In the comments upon the report of Dr. Haven to the Board of Regents of the University of Michigan, with reference to the admission of women to the University, there is this sentence: "If there be one profession for which woman's peculiar tact and temperament render her better fitted than any other, it is that of medicine; and yet it would be almost impossible for her to pursue this study in all its branches in the same auditorium and dissecting-room with the opposite sex." Now, it seems to me that the writer

of this sentence, instead of seeking after exact truth, was looking for a special plea. What he wanted was an argument against the propriety of admitting women to study in the same institution with men. Their common pursuit of law or theology would furnish him with none, but he believed that he could present insurmountable objections to their association in the study of medicine.

Does it not rather appear that *many* of the objections to the epicene study of medicine would prove equally strong against the admission of both sexes to the *practice* of medicine?

Furthermore, is it true that "woman's peculiar tact and temperament render her better fitted" for the profession of medicine than for any or even *many* other professions? That women are admirably adapted for the practice of *one* of the medical acts (the obstetrical) is readily apparent, and is proved by the illustrious French accoucheurs, Madame Boivin and Madame La Chapelle; but I think that it is equally apparent that woman is *not* "peculiarly fitted" either for the arduous and indiscriminate labors of the general practitioner or for the herculean tasks of the surgeon. I believe also that while women could or would be employed only to a limited extent in the diseases of men, women themselves, in the great majority of their ailments, naturally look to the other sex for aid, counsel, and support.

Hence, it seems to me that woman cannot justly be considered as "peculiarly fitted" for the practice of medicine.

If I might be allowed a small extension of space, I would say with reference to the comments upon the homoeopathy question, that it is not strictly just to say that Catholicism from its *name* might be claimed to represent Methodism as well as allopathy, or the regular practice, could be said to represent homoeopathy. Catholicism and Methodism are *both* founded upon very sharply defined dogmas and tenets. On the other hand, no intelligent physician claims or will admit that his practice has for its *sole basis* any *factitious theory or dogma whatever*; while homoeopathy is absolutely nothing without its precept of *similia similibus*.

I freely admit that there is an immense amount of prejudice, ignorance, and obstinacy in what is termed the "regular" profession; but I hold that the enlightened members of that profession make use of *whatever* is established by "human reason and human experience" (phrases I have learned from the *Nation*), without reference to any theory or dogma, and whatever part of homoeopathy "human reason and human experience" have succeeded in establishing, that part has been duly incorporated in the teachings and practice of the regular profession.

Very truly yours,

RICHARD S. DEWEY.

ANN ARBOR, NOV. 22, 1868.

[Mr. Dewey really must not beg the question at the very opening of a controversy. That our remarks on Dr. Haven's address were "uncandid and ill-advised" is the very thing he ought to have proved; but instead of doing this he assumes it, and then proceeds to administer a reproof. The writer of the sentence quoted in his letter was seeking not the "exact truth," for that he well knew was not to be had in such matters, but a reasonably close approximation to the truth. The objections to admitting young women to study medicine with young men are not based on the same facts, and are not of the same character, as the objections to their admission to study theology and law with young men. The distinction between the two cases is, in fact, so obvious, that we ought not to have to point it out. Until the physical fact of sex ceases to affect the mind, imagination, and character of young persons any more than the color of hair or the shape of the nose, it will always be difficult for average young women to dissect a dead body or listen to teachings on anatomy in company with young men, without considerable disturbance and distraction. No doubt there will be, and are now, plenty of young women as well as young men possessing the power of abstraction in such a high degree that they would have no eye and no ear for anything on such occasions but science itself; but both "human reason and human experience" justify us in believing that for a long time to come at least such cases will be comparatively rare. Nobody who has any familiarity with the mental condition of the average youth of both sexes at the age of nineteen or twenty really believes in the possibility of making the common run of students completely insensible, on such occasions as medical lectures, to the presence of persons of the opposite sex.

It is true that *some* of the objections to the epicene study of med-

icine would prove equally strong against the admission of both sexes to the practice of medicine; but they are the feeblest and least important. The main objection would, as regards the practice of medicine, have no force whatever, inasmuch as doctresses need never meet doctors at all unless they pleased, and anybody needing a physician could choose whether he or she would have a man or a woman. Moreover, persons engaged in the active pursuits of life are supposed to possess maturer judgment and stronger will than students at college, and there are many snares and temptations to which the latter would do well not to expose themselves, which the former may affront with impunity. How is it "apparent that women are not peculiarly fitted for the arduous labors of the general practitioner or the herculean task of the surgeon" when they *are* fitted "for the practice of obstetrics?" What has a general practitioner to go through in the way of hardship that an obstetrician has not? and how can the tasks of the surgeon be termed "herculean," when what they call for is notoriously not muscle, but dexterity, coolness, judgment, tact, and knowledge—qualities which an average woman may possess in a far higher degree than five surgeons out of every six? How much of them does an average medical student possess when he begins his cutting and carving? How many women are there who will seek "aid, counsel, or support" from unmarried doctors? Does not the fact that doctors *have* to marry in order to get into general practice prove that their sex is *per se* a hindrance to their usefulness as far as women are concerned? The employment of male physicians by women "in the great majority of their ailments" would be a strong argument if they had any choice. But inasmuch as at present they must employ them, or go undoctored, it seems to us to prove nothing.

As regards the homeopathic controversy, Catholicism and Methodism are founded, it is true, on "sharply defined tenets or dogmas," but the tenets or dogmas of both are, up to a certain point, the same. Methodism has been formed by rejecting a large portion of Catholic doctrine; so that Catholicism does in one sense include it, and might as fairly presume to speak for it as allopathy for homeopathy. In other words, the Catholic might say, Hear me, and not the Methodist; I believe all he believes, and more; I know all he knows, and more. The majority of Christians too are with me, and I have what he has not, the traditions of the Church in my keeping. This is just what the allopath says of the homeopath. The homeopath says that his theory may differ from that of the allopath, but that every allopath nevertheless practises on *some* theory, and not one uses any other test in his experiments—for all medical practice is simply a series of unconnected or very slenderly connected experiments—than the one homeopath uses. Both proceed by what Bacon calls "simple enumeration." One says he has known of a good many cases in which castor oil did good, but why he cannot tell; the other says he knows a good many cases in which two globules of ipecac. did wonders, but why he cannot tell; and, case for case, we believe, wherever the trial has been made, one system has come out about as well as the other. In fact, the claim of any school of doctors to represent a *science* is at present simply preposterous; and in the field of empiricism all properly educated men of good character, and professing to practise a *system*, are entitled to a fair and respectful hearing and trial.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, besides their usual number of English novels, have in press Whymper's "Alaska;" Mr. Wentworth Dilke's "Greater Britain"—a somewhat affected title, which means the English race in this country, Australia, New Zealand, and elsewhere outside of Great Britain; "The Adventures of Hans Sterk;" and "Smoke," which we take to be a translation of Turgenev's last novel, and which, if it is as good as the same author's "Fathers and Sons," is a novel very well worth reading indeed.—MESSRS. SCRIBNER & CO. announce "Graffiti d'Italia," by Mr. W. W. Story, whom readers of his agreeable "Roba di Roma," will be glad to meet again.—

Messrs. Roberts Brothers will publish the "Euphues" and "Euphues and his England" of John Lyly; Poems by Catherine Barnard Smith; "Real mah," the latest work of Mr. Helps, and full of excellent matter; "Kitty," by the author of "Doctor Jacob;" and "Studies in Early French Poetry," by Walter Besant. This last work is in thirteen chapters, and deals with writers who flourished before the Renaissance, in the days when Italian influence had not been felt in France, and her poetic literature was still the ballad, chanson, rondeau, and virelay. Froissart, who wrote much verse, is the earliest writer treated of by Mr. Besant, and the last is that dissolute psalmist and hymnist, Clément Marot, who was getting born just as our continent was discovered. The *Bookseller* gives the names of these other poets in Mr. Besant's list: Alain Chartier, Charles of Orleans, Oliver Basselin de Vire, Guillaume Alexis, Guillaume Coquillart, Pathelin, and greatest of all, François Villon, who bids fair to be again a favorite in his native country. We know of but one other English collection of this nature, and that but a small one, so that Mr. Besant's book will, very probably, command a good deal of the attention of a certain class of readers. We observe that Messrs. Roberts Brothers also make announcement of two of Auerbach's works.

—Our magazine publishers have lately adopted a custom, which seems to be an absurd one, of getting out their periodicals a long while before the nominal time of publication. For example: on the tenth or twelfth of December we shall be reading the magazines of next year; the printers were at work in October and November on the January numbers. Of course, there is no reason why this should be so except such reasons as spring from the competition of publisher with publisher. One firm, say, puts its *Monthly* in the market in the middle of the month preceding its date; next month the publishers who address a class of readers not dissimilar to the circle addressed by the first offender feel obliged to be ready as soon as he, and the *Galaxy* or *Hours at Home* or *Lippincott's* is hurried out two or three weeks before people expect them. The second time, then, no one of the competing magazines has the advantage over the others in the matter of alone attracting to itself casual readers who may see it lying on news-stands. Within another month, one or two more houses resolve to be on even terms with the rest, and one or two more magazines are born prematurely. After a very short while nobody is a gainer, and, indeed everybody is a loser; the publishers are made anxious, being in fear of some rival publication making its appearance twenty-four or forty-eight or seventy-two hours before they are prepared for it; this, of course, tends to make publishers, editors, and contributors unnecessarily ill-natured, and finally the reader is displeased rather than pleased to read last month's matter in what pretends to be this month's magazine. It may be said in favor of the present plan that it enables the press to give timely notices of the various claimants for patronage, and, further, that the reader beyond the Plains gets his December periodical literature early in December, instead of waiting for it till January or till the latter part of the month. But readers on the Plains and the Pacific coast and in the rural parts of Texas are not so numerous that New York publishers need sacrifice to them the interests of their Eastern readers. For all the purposes of the publisher, the reader living in Chicago—"Chicago, thirty-six hours from New York," as a nineteenth-century Homer might say—or a reader resident in New Orleans, which is but three or four days' ride from Boston, are certainly Eastern readers, and it is thinking of this fact that we speak of Western readers as numerically of no importance. As for the notices which the press give of magazines—we might make some remarks about their value; they may as well, however, be left to another time. But this is true, that if the magazines all came out on the same day or nearly on the same day, whatever good should be done them by newspaper reviews would be shared equally. Why, then, the half-dozen houses that own periodicals should not come to some amicable agreement in regard to publishing day, or at least in regard to publishing week, it is not easy to see; in fact, we dare say each one of them would thank the others, as for the removal of a disagreeable little trouble, if by mutual agreement the present state of things were altered in the way we have indicated. While we are speaking of this matter a word may properly be said on a kindred one. There seems no justification for the custom of falsifying a book's account of itself—which is what every book's title-page should be—by giving to publications of this year the date "1869." This is very often done, especially in the case of gift books; but we do not see that any good is thus got which can be held to counterbalance the evil just mentioned.

—Among English books which have been recently issued or are to be issued we notice these: Mr. Valentine Cox, now for many years Esquirebedel in Oxford, makes a garrulous but very readable volume of his "Re-

collections" of matters and things in that University. His memory runs back to 1789. The work has two kinds of interest: it talks about many men whose names have become historical, and also it enables one to bring before one's mind a lively picture of the Oxford and the England, now so largely passed away, of the evil Hanoverian days. Mr. Cox reflects bitterly that the office of Esquire-bedel, like many other old-time things, has now departed, and that on his retirement comes to an end a long line of more than six centuries of magnificent ushers. An ecclesiastical Freemason, the Rev. Augustus C. L. Arnold, has written a work, which should be in all the lodges, entitled "History and Philosophy of Freemasonry and other Secret Societies; or, The Secret Societies of All Ages considered in their Relations with and Influence on the Moral, Social, and Intellectual Progress of Man." It is to be hoped that he can write a more readable sort of English than he has put into his title-page. Mr. George Macdonald's "England's Antiphon" is a review of English religious poetry, more particularly of the lyrical religious poetry of England—"the antiphon or responsive song of the choir." Part first introduces the poets of all the centuries from the thirteenth to the middle of the seventeenth. William of Shoreham, a pious Kentish singer of the reign of Edward the Second, heads the list, and it closes with George Herbert. The compilation is pretty sure to be well done, Mr. Macdonald being himself a poet of no mean order and a devout Christian. Mr. C. M. Yonge and Mr. G. M. Sewell, in a volume of Historical Selections, have laid under contribution E. A. Freeman, Thomas Roscoe, John Lingard, Professor Pearson, Dean Milman, Sir James Stephen, Dean Hook, Sir Francis Palgrave, Hume, and other historians, and have constructed a history of England from the earliest period to the famous Battle of the Standard in 1138. They propose to do the same thing—and it seems to be a very good thing to do—with all the rest of English history, and are said to have shown in this first volume their fitness for performing the whole task. Such of our readers as have waded through any of the works of Mr. J. E. Carpenter, author of two thousand songs, will shun his latest production, which is nothing else than "A Hand-book of Poetry; being a Clear and Easy Guide, divested of Technicalities, to the Art of making English Verse." Whoever recollects Mr. Carpenter's sentimental and patriotic songs will see with what appropriateness this hand-book might be its author's last as well as his latest work.

The "Holbein Society," just formed in London, proposes to publish, by subscription, fac-simile reprints of some of the many books of the early days of printing which engaged the skill and genius of artists and engravers, in which literature and art were united, and which are now, of course, excessively rare. Most of the books which it is proposed to reproduce were originally written in Latin; still, of these there are also in most cases English translations of nearly equal antiquity, and the society intends, whenever it can, to give, along with the original text, an English or other version. One guinea entitles a subscriber to two publications. Among the works selected are these: First, Holbein's "Dance of Death," with a French text; "Les Simulachres et Historiees faces de la Mort avtant elegamment pourtraiantes, que artificiellement imaginées" (1538, Cologne). An English translation will be appended to this as to all the volumes, which will be beautifully printed small quartos. Second will come Holbein's "Figures for the Old Testament," or "Icones Historiarum Veteris Testamenti, Ad viuum expresse," with an exposition in French. Next year there will be a reprint of the "Quatuor Alciati Fontium," or "Four of the Fountains of Alciati," whom we take to be Paolo Alciati, the heretical Piedmontese jurisconsult who was so impartially hated by Protestants and Catholics about the middle of the sixteenth century. It is probable that among the works republished by the society will be these others: La Perrière's "Théâtre des Bons Engins" (Paris 1539); Horapollo's "Hieroglyphica" (Paris, 1551, having for appendix the French version of 1553, and an English translation); Aneau's "Picta Polisia" (Lyons, 1552, accompanied by a French version, "L'imagination poétique"); Coustau's "Pegma cum narrationibus philosophicis" (Lyons 1555, with De Remieu's French translation, 1560); Faerno's "Centum Fabulae," or Hundred Fables (Rome, 1565, with a French version by M. Perrault, and some English translations); Giovio's "Dialogue des Devises d'armes et d'amours" (Lyons, 1561, preceded by the original "Ragionamento di Mons. Paolo Giovio," Venice, 1556); "The Mirrovr of Maiestie; or, The Badges of Honovr conceitely Emblazoned with Emblems annexed, poetically vnfolded" (London, printed by W. I., 1618—a work of extreme rarity, only one perfect copy known); and, finally, another work of a most equal rarity, "Il Hayfflein, Parthenia Sacra; or, The Mysteriouſ and Delicioſ Garden of the Sacred Parthenes; ſymbolically ſet forth and enriched with pioys deviſes and emblemes, etc." (printed by Iohn Covſvrl, 1633).

—When Doctor Johnson made Doctor Goldsmith declare that kings or laws can cause or cure only an inappreciable part of human misery, the great science of statistics had not been invented. A tolerably good sociologist—and for perfectly good ones it is not time even yet—finds nothing easier than to show that not only "the kingdom is in the cottage," in the sense in which Mr. Bright declares it to be, but also is unavoidably there in other senses than that; that the daily life of the cottager's child is happier or unhappier accordingly as the legislation of the state is wise or unwise; in short, that countless evils are cured or caused by laws and kings, and that statistics can best tell legislators when they have done right and wrong. It is an encouraging thing, then, to see that modern rulers pay more and more attention to the new science which lies at the bottom of good government. In 1871 we are to have a census of the whole of the British possessions in Hindostan and the adjacent countries, or rather of three-fourths of that empire, for the feudatory states are not covered by the enquiry. Even now there is in existence a recently prepared census, accompanied by a vast mass of various information, of the north-western and central provinces. It is made in accordance with the basis recommended some years since by the International Congress, and will be in five great divisions, namely: Geographical Statistics, including Physical, Political, and Fiscal Geography; secondly, the statistics of Protection (courts, army, police, and so on); thirdly, of Production and Distribution; fourthly, of Instruction—and in this division we shall undoubtedly get a good deal of very interesting information concerning various religious teachers, both native and foreign; and, finally, we come to the division of Vital Statistics. When these returns are published, there will have to be, it is said, a general overhauling of cyclopædia articles on Indian geography, commerce, agriculture, religion, habits and customs, and what not. For example, all existing geographical accounts of India are so defective that the Government has been obliged to make new local gazetteers for its own use. When these statistical labors are given to the world, India as it is will be for the first time visible—to such, of course, as have eyes to see through figures; though for the matter of that there is to be a good deal of interesting writing, and not merely tables of bales and acres and millions in parallel columns of numerals, and showing India as it is comes very near to showing the Englishman at his best—as man of affairs, administrator, merchant, colonizer, soldier, and ruler of men.

—Helen M'Dougal has a right to a small place in literature, or on the outskirts of it, as having assisted in the making of that word in our tongue which has, perhaps, the most horrible associations connected with it, and which, doubtless, will last as long as the language. She was one of the gang of kidnappers and murderers who infested the West Port of Edinburgh about forty years ago, and gained their living by the "resurrection" of the dead and the "burking" of the living. She was the paramour or left-handed wife of the chief murderer, Burke, and was indicted with him, but, in spite of her complicity with him and Hare, she was saved from the gallows by the skill and eloquence of her counsel, Henry Cockburn. After the trial the miserable woman went back to her old neighborhood, but was driven out by a furious mob, at whose hands she narrowly escaped death. Next she sought a hiding-place in the village where Burke first met her, and where she had previously lived in tolerably good repute; but she was it once driven thence also, and it was not known where she afterwards went. Her name dropped out of public memory, and she had been for many years forgotten, when the other day word came from Singleton, New South Wales, that Helen M'Dougal had been burned to death in that town, where she had long been living. Apparently, some one had taken pity on her and sent her out of Scotland. She must have been more than seventy years old at the time of her tragic end.

—W. Marr, a writer in the Berlin *Post*, has advanced the proposition that the day of the theatre is past ("das Theater hat sich überlebt"). He contends that so long as the theatre flourished it was as a mirror of high and low life to those classes of society to which the one or the other was unfamiliar—"relatively a *terra incognita*." With the growth and culture of modern society our daily life has come into competition with that depicted on the stage, from which we derive no instruction not already afforded by our own experience. With the decline of the drama the popularity of the opera has sprung up, as it caters to the excitement which we crave from both. The ballet having been converted into an immodest, acrobatic display, the opera must not lag behind. Hence the present triumph of Offenbach, the real predecessor of whom and of Mlle. Thérèse and the *café chantants* is, in the critic's belief, Richard Wagner. "His musical assault on the melody of the earlier opera," it is wittily, if not justly, de-

clared, "is the stone with which the bear killed the fly on his master's forehead." Herr Marr's argument touches the novel not less than the drama—at least at some points; and it is noticeable how much the sensational dramatist nowadays depends for material on the sensational novel.

—A dramatist whose popularity on paper will probably long outlast that on the stage is Schiller; and that he will now be read more extensively than ever is certain, inasmuch as the monopoly of his works, held till last year by the house of Cotta, has been dissolved. The dispossessed publisher, however, has still an advantage in the market, and at the bookstore of Mr. L. W. Schmidt may be seen a very remarkable proof of this. One may buy there a complete edition of Schiller's works—no more and no less—in one volume not too bulky, and yet containing 1,124 octavo pages, for one dollar and fifty cents currency, in paper covers, and one dollar and sixty cents in boards. The print is perfectly legible, and the paper though thin not transparent. The shilling Shakespeare almost pales before this enterprise.

—“Mercadet” having been revived, the Parisian feuilletonistes have just been having a fresh opportunity to recollect or to invent stories about Balzac. Théophile Gautier, for his contribution, relates this veracious tale: Balzac, being at the moment as deeply in debt as his own Mercadet, comes to M. Gautier and proposes to write in one day and night a five-act drama, which on the second day shall be sold for much money to M. Harel, of the Porte Saint Martin. “I have arranged it in this way,” he says. ‘You do one act, Ourliac will do another, Laurent Jan will take the third, De Belloy the fourth, and I myself the fifth. There are only four or five hundred lines in an act, and five hundred lines of dialogue can be written in a day and a night.’ ‘But,’ says Gautier, ‘relate the story; sketch the plot; give me some idea of the characters.’ ‘Oh’ says Balzac, with an air of magnificent superiority to this dull dog of a Gautier,—‘Oh! if I am to relate the story we shall never be done.’” The fact, however, is well known—and might be learned from his books alone, if we had no other evidence than is afforded by them—that Balzac was not at all a rapid worker. “He experienced a great deal of trouble,” says Gavarni, “in getting to work, and would draw figures and write sentences for half an hour or an hour before he could begin.” He could, however, write for ten or twelve hours at a stretch, until he completely exhausted himself. M. Monselet gives a list of the works which Balzac did not write, but was going to: “Life and Adventures of an Idea;” “The Modern Phœdo;” “The Philanthropist;” “The Justice of the Peace” (*Le Juge de Paix*); “Anatomy of Modern Scholastic Bodies;” “Wrinkled People;” “Sons-in-Law and Stepmothers;” “The New Abelard;” “Scenes of Military Life,” for the sake of which he had visited nearly all the French battle-fields; “The Environs of Paris;” “History and Novels,” and one more volume of the “Contes Drolatiques.” Some of these, it will be seen, are books that he might very probably have written had he lived long enough; others would seem to represent the momentary willingness of a man to step into fields in which he could hope to do little.

—A sixteenth-century forgery, remarkable both for its importance and for its having passed so long unchallenged, has been exposed in the most thorough manner by Wilhelm Bernardi (“Matteo di Giovenazzo: Eine Fälschung des XVI. Jahrhunderts.” Berlin, 1868). The said Giovenazzo has hitherto had the credit of being the first Italian chronicler who made use of his native language, and as such has enjoyed great repute among the Neapolitans. His diary (“Diurnali”) has passed through many editions, more or less critical, in France and Germany, and has been relied on for its contributions to the history of Southern Italy under Frederick II., Manfred, and the Duke of Anjou. The crucial examination to which Herr Bernardi has subjected the original text discloses almost incredible anachronisms and blunders, and proves conclusively that the diary could not have been composed by a contemporary of the events recorded, and consequently that Giovenazzo is a myth. Not content with this, the critic traces the diary to its first appearance (towards the end of the sixteenth century), and fixes upon Angelo Costanzo, author of a history of Naples, 1572, the introduction of it to the world and its undoubtedly invention. Still further, he lays bare the motives which led to such a forgery, which consisted chiefly in the desire to flatter certain noble families and to put down his rivals in historical writing; and finally, he names the authors from whom Costanzo borrowed, with too careless an eclecticism, the substance of his “Diurnali.” A better unmasking of literary fraud has perhaps never been performed than this, especially when we consider that it is a German who has done it for the Italians. All that is left to Costanzo is a certain imaginative skill which enabled him to invest the characters he presented with a good degree of naturalness and plausibility.

MR. KINGLAKE'S SECOND VOLUME*

MR. KINGLAKE in his second volume resumes his narrative at the close of the battle of the Alma, and pursues it through “the famous flank march to the south side of Sebastopol, the opening of the siege, the first bombardment of the place by the allies,” and finishes with the two famous charges of the English cavalry on the memorable 25th of October, 1854. Probably no historian has ever taken more pains to furnish “the key” to the events he describes than Mr. Kinglake, and none certainly has ever given stronger proof of his own belief in his success. He endeavored to show in his first volume, that England was seduced into the war by the machinations of two arch-villains, the Emperor Napoleon, and St. Arnaud, “called Leroy,” aided by a commercial company, composed of widows and elderly squires, commonly called *The Times* newspaper. Our readers may remember with what assiduity he worked this theory up; with what care he made nearly every little incident of contemporary history support it from the *coup d'état* in Paris, in 1851, down to the napping of the members of the British cabinet on the warm summer afternoon on which the despatch was read to them, which was to put an end to negotiation and light the flames of war.

In this second volume he endeavors to show that it was owing to the obstinacy of St. Arnaud, and the irresolution of Canrobert, his successor, that the allies did not advance immediately after the battle of the Alma; that had they advanced and assaulted the north side, the fall of the place was inevitable; and that it was owing to the failure of the French fire in the first bombardment that the town and forts on the south side were not assaulted and carried. In his account of the battle of Balaclava, he is simply a describer—that action having been an episode with no bearing on the siege operations, except in so far as Leprandi's appearance on the Tchernaya proved the folly of the failure to assault the north side. His hero in this volume, as in the first—the man who is always right, who sees through everybody and everything, and whose very weaknesses are virtues—is Lord Raglan; and the way in which he paints him furnishes, as perhaps nothing else could, the measure of Mr. Kinglake's capacity as a military historian. One or two hundred years hence, it might be possible to make Lord Raglan out a great military leader. Mr. Kinglake's misfortune has been that he has produced his history in the middle of the generation which saw the English commander-in-chief; and therefore, although Mr. Kinglake has produced one of the most readable books of the day, there is hardly anybody who will put it on his shelf with the feeling that he has a real history of the great siege. That is still to be written; but nobody will ever write it without laying himself under heavy obligations to Mr. Kinglake for his diligence in accumulating materials. That he has not succeeded better in producing either a striking picture or a faithful chronicle, is due simply to the superabundance of passion with which he has done his work.

On the authority of a memorandum of a conversation between Sir Edmund Lyons, the second in command of the English fleet—(another of his idols; the corresponding marplot being Admiral Dundas, the commander-in-chief)—and Mr. George Loch, written a year and a half after the event, he builds up the theory that Lyons urged Raglan to assault the north side immediately after the battle of the Alma, and that Raglan concurred, and in vain urged the cowardly “Leroy” to join him in it. Hence, he maintains, a brilliant opportunity of bringing the war to a sudden and glorious close was lost and the army involved in the horrors of the lingering siege which followed; this makes one more point against the French marshal. All the other evidence, however, and there is a great deal of it, shows that both Raglan and St. Arnaud contemplated a movement against the south side from the first; that some passing thoughts of attacking the north side were dissipated by the discovery of fresh works thrown up across the neck of the peninsula at the head of the harbor; and that Sir John Burgoyne, the English chief engineer, reported against it from the very first day, and was sent with his memorandum down to St. Arnaud by Raglan, and found the marshal inclined to try his luck on that side, but was won over, telling him of the new fortifications. Moreover, Mr. Kinglake reports all this evidence himself; and to crown all, since the present volume appeared, Sir John Burgoyne has written to the *London Times*, denying that Lord Raglan ever entertained the idea of an attack on the north side, expressing doubt whether Sir Edmund Lyons ever did anything so “unbecoming” as to offer any advice about it, and pronouncing the Loch memorandum worthless. There was one other fact which nobody for one minute forgot, in discussing the subject at the time, and the most

* “The Invasion of the Crimea: Its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the death of Lord Raglan. By Alexander William Kinglake.” Vol. II. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868.

tremendous fact of all—though it seems to have exercised no influence on Mr. Kinglake's conclusion—and that is, that a great fleet lay in the harbor, which could, at a moment's notice, have covered the slopes by which an army would descend on the north side with the fire of five hundred guns of the largest calibre—a fire under which the allied armies could not have lived for an hour.

Mr. Kinglake's description of the flank march is, as usual, very vivid; but, as usual, in trying to make Lord Raglan out imposing, he makes him ridiculous. Lord Raglan had as a young man served under Wellington, but had passed the forty years of peace in the Horse Guards as Military Secretary, without ever seeing a shot fired in anger. He was a favorite at clubs and in country-houses and London drawing-rooms; a polished, kind-hearted, fastidious, plucky gentleman whom everybody loved and respected, but he was not in any sense of the term a man of war, and nobody supposed he was. He was selected for the command in the Crimea when it was supposed the expedition would prove simply a demonstration in support of the negotiations, because he spoke French well, was suave, facile, and had lost an arm in the old wars, and would, therefore, be likely to get on well with the French. When he became actually engaged in hostilities, he was probably as much out of place as any human being ever was; and there is something almost pathetic in the story which Mr. Kinglake tells, in his first volume, of the way in which the commander-in-chief and his old friend, Sir George Brown, admitted to each other that, when they found themselves in military difficulties, it was their custom to ask themselves, "what would the great Duke have done in similar circumstances?" In fact, Lord Raglan went to the Crimea in the character of a fine old English gentleman, never forgot it for a moment, and closed his blameless life in it and in no other. What is oddest in Mr. Kinglake's history is, that he too seems to consider this the principal thing in a commander, and the want of it in the French officers a constant source of trouble and misfortune. It is this which prevents the historian seeing the inherent absurdity of Lord Raglan's riding into the midst of the enemy's lines to see what was going on during the battle of the Alma; of his riding in advance of the troops during the flank march, coming on the enemy's rear-guard, without other escort than his staff, and having to hide in the bushes till the cavalry were brought up; and, still more, of his being so disgusted when a Russian artillery captain was brought before him drunk at seeing "an officer and gentleman" in such a humiliating condition, that, although he was in sore need of information as to the enemy's movements, he refused to examine the man, and rode off with a feeling "hardly short of distress." This is very pretty, but it is not war.

When the army descended from the Mackenzie Heights—the plateau on which the flank march was performed—the English took Balaclava as their harbor, and the right of the line as their post; the French the left, and Kamiesch as their port. The latter were thus in actual contact with their ships and supplies, while the English were separated from theirs by from three to four miles, a fact soon to prove of dreadful moment. Fire was opened on the 17th of October from the siege batteries on the place, which Menschikoff and the army had evacuated, leaving it to be defended by the sailors under Korniloff and Todleben. It was tremendously effective, in spite of Todleben's genius and energy, and all bid fair for an assault, when the French magazines exploded, putting a stop to the fire on that side. The English kept it up, and reduced the Redan to a mound of earth, silencing all its guns, but were unable to go further alone. The Russians recovered their courage, and the troops began to show themselves in the rear of the allies on the heights above the Tchernaya river. On the 18th of October, Mr. Cottley, the English consul, late of Kertch, warned Lord Raglan what the winter in those regions would be, and his lordship directed him to draw up a report on the matter, and send it home with a letter of his own, showing that he was really alarmed. By the 24th the bombardment was confessedly a failure, and the army knew it was in for a long siege. On the morning of the 25th, Liprandi came down from the heights and struck the English rear, on the plains of Balaclava, before daybreak, and stormed the redoubts garrisoned by the Turks, under the eyes of the English cavalry, 1,500 strong, who, however, fearful of worse things to come, looked calmly on. It was characteristic of the condition of the service, that the commander of the light cavalry brigade, Lord Cardigan, was, when the alarm was given and the outposts driven in, in bed in his yacht at Balaclava, three miles away, being in the habit of sleeping there every night with Lord Raglan's permission.

Before saying anything of the engagement which followed, we must mention a matter of which Mr. Kinglake will probably treat in his next volume, but which, in the order of time, he ought to have taken up in this. The question of winter-quarters for the English—that is, the question,

whether they would perish of cold and hunger, or pass their time comfortably—was simply a question of transportation between Balaclava and the heights of Sapoune, a distance of nearly four miles to the extreme right. For about half this distance there was a good macadamized road, known as the Woronzoff Road. But between the nearest point on this road and Balaclava, there was an interval of about a mile and a half of common country highway, which it was patent to everybody would, as soon as the rains began, become a quagmire, and cut off communication, as far as supplies were concerned, between the camp and the port. In spite of the warnings given to Lord Raglan by Mr. Cottley, and in spite of the prospect which was opened up to all eyes by the failure of the bombardment, nothing whatever was done to connect Balaclava with the Woronzoff Road, and when the winter finally set in after the battle, the extraordinary spectacle was presented of an army perishing by inches for want of food and clothing within a mile and a half of its storeships; for everything abounded at Balaclava. In accounting for the want of a road, General Airey, the Quartermaster-General, who was also a gentlemanly man, and who, as Mr. Kinglake relates, regularly dressed for dinner every day when he was farming in the backwoods in Canada in early life, said that he had relied on the Woronzoff Road, and that the disasters of the winter were due to the Turks having allowed Liprandi to seize this on the 25th of October. The fact was, though we believe it has never been fairly brought to light, that Liprandi never touched one rod of the Woronzoff Road of which the British would have made use. He never, in fact, came near their line of communication, except with the cavalry, which Scarlett so splendidly defeated.

Mr. Kinglake's account of the four engagements which made the 25th of October memorable, shows all his faults and all his virtues as a narrator. Where the incidents he describes are simple, the actors in them not numerous, few surpass him as a painter. His picture of the morning alarm on the Tchernaya, when the Turks were swept away in the grey dawn, and the Russian cavalry poured toward Balaclava, till they were arrested, almost at the head of the gorge, by Sir Colin Campbell and his handful of Highlanders, has rarely been surpassed for vividness. But when he comes to deal with that most extraordinary episode which followed, in which the heavy cavalry, under Scarlett, not over six hundred strong, rode straight into a dense mass of Russian cavalry, supposed by some to number 3,500, and by none less than 2,500, tore through and through them, the supports entering on both flanks, and meeting the first line in the centre of the mass, and driving it, after eight minutes of fierce sabreing, in wild confusion off the field, under the eyes of nearly 20,000 delighted spectators swarming on the heights above, he so loads himself with details that it is impossible, even with the help of his maps and plans, for anybody who does not know the ground to get from his narrative a clear idea of what happened. It must be admitted, too, that he sometimes draws largely on his imagination. The feelings of nearly every British officer who was in the fight, and survived it, he can of course describe, as he does, on the authority of the officer; but when he tells what was the moral and religious condition of the Scots Greys, and of the Inniskilling Dragoons, when they struck the Russian column, and tells of the "zizz" which came from the Russians, and the "low moan of desire" uttered by the English dragoons during the fray, he attempts something to which mortal powers are not equal. He saw the combat a mile away, through a field-glass, but it was at that distance a very simple matter, as all surviving spectators of it will remember—two red lines in rapid succession striking against a dark mass, breaking inside of it into red spots, the spots traversing it in every direction in zigzag, a flash of steel over head in the morning light, and in a few minutes the dark mass dissolving and rolling away down the hill from the red spots, which gathered rapidly into a line once more—and all was over. The account of the charge of the Light Brigade an hour later is better, because the phenomenon was simpler. Mr. Kinglake seems to make it clear that when poor Nolan received his death wound in riding across the English line, he was really trying to show Cardigan the way to the guns, which Lord Raglan meant him to assail—the guns lost by the Turks in the morning, and which the Russians were removing, and which might have been easily captured without the "wild charge" which closed a glorious day in disaster and defeat.

MR. BRIGHT'S SPEECHES.*

THIS selection from the speeches of the greatest of living English orators may be read with different purposes. We may consider it as a full exposition of the views of one section of English Radicals, or simply as a

* "Speeches by John Bright, M.P. Edited by J. E. T. Rogers." London: Macmillan & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

specimen of literary composition. Perhaps it is from this last point of view that it will be chiefly interesting to Americans. Mr. Bright is an eminently plain-spoken man, as beseems his country and his sect; and few people can require to be told what he thinks of Parliamentary reform, of the Irish Church, of the American rebellion, or of the Crimean war. Upon these and other topics he has expressed himself with such energy and emphasis, and has left so unmistakable a trace of his action, that no one can be in want of much information as to his views. Mr. Bright's opinions are set down in plain black and white, not in mysterious and shifting neutral tints. It may, however, be more interesting to discover what is the secret of his singular power as an orator. Those who have read his speeches in the papers, or have had the better fortune to hear them delivered, will be anxious to know how they read at a considerable interval from the time of delivery, and deprived of the aids of voice and manner. How much of the charm remains, and to what qualities is it owing?

Two things might have been said of Mr. Bright a few years ago with equal truth. First, that he was, perhaps, the most cordially hated man in the House of Commons; and secondly, that he was the one who could most perfectly command its attention. The country gentleman element regarded him as an embodiment of the evil principle in politics; yet country gentlemen jostled each other for a place to hear him speak, and listened with rapt attention to his assaults upon their dearest principles. When he was expected to deliver a great speech, even the sacred hour of dinner failed to empty the benches of the House; and when he rose, a deep silence hushed the usual murmur of conversation. The House of Commons, in truth, is a tolerant assembly to any one who will amuse it; yet there was something singular in their marked toleration for one who gave the freest utterance to the sentiments of its least popular minority. Even that most dreadful accusation against Mr. Bright, that he was "un-English," failed to shake his power as the greatest master of the English speech.

First in the list of the qualities to which this power was due, we should naturally mention his charm of voice and manner. Of these we need only say that Mr. Bright's manner would probably be remarkable in any other assembly for its repose; and even in so phlegmatic a body as the House of Commons, it does not rise above the average in energy of action. It is thus well calculated to give full play to an eloquence which rests in a singularly small degree upon any ambitious flights of imagination. Mr. Bright seldom, if ever, attempts any of those purple patches which are common with ambitious orators. His opinions are strong enough, and are expressed with remarkable vigor; but they are never draped in high-flown or figurative language. His sentences are almost always short, and even studiously simple in their construction. There are few metaphors or apostrophes; and scarcely one of those passages which would be selected for declamation by school-boys. The great popular orator instinctively avoids the bombast and clap-trap generally thought suitable to the popular taste; and with a severity which might sometimes be thought overstrained, relies more upon the force of his arguments and the skill with which his ideas are marshalled, than upon any special *tours de force*. In short, his oratory is of the Quaker variety, simple, masculine, and hard-hitting; never flowery, or what is generally called rhetorical. Even where he rises to the highest flight, he seems to feel the need of self-restraint most keenly. Take, for example, the following instance of pathos, which produced an extraordinary effect at the time. He was speaking of the disastrous Crimean campaign in 1855:

"Many homes," he says, "may be rendered desolate when the next news arrives. The angel of death has been abroad throughout the land: *you may almost hear the beating of his wings*. There is no one, as when the first-born were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and two side-posts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on; he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and lowly, and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal."

The words we have italicized produced a strikingly solemn effect at the time, as though an invisible presence had been actually felt in the room; and Mr. Bright, having called up the sentiment, scarcely dwelt upon it for a sentence; but just touching a thought which an inferior speaker would have expanded, and probably vulgarized in the expansion, passed on to develop his argument. Or, again, those who heard the great speech which he delivered on the bill for suspending the *Habeas Corpus* Act in Ireland in 1866, will remember the effect produced by one or two single sentences. We may quote, for example, this: "I believe that if the majority of the people of Ireland, fairly counted out, had their will, and if they had the power, they would unmoor the island from its fastenings in the deep and move it at least 2,000 miles to the west." Or this: "There is an instructive anecdote to be found in the annals of the Chinese Empire. In a remote

province there was an insurrection. The emperor put down the insurrection, but he abased and humbled himself before his people, and said that if he had been guilty of neglect, he acknowledged his guilt, and he humbled himself before those on whom he had brought this evil of an insurrection in one of his provinces." Taken by themselves, there is nothing very new in these remarks, nor in the language in which they are expressed; but the skill of the orator is shown in the power with which, taken with their context, they bring out the precise point to be made. They tell like a single blow struck in the right place at the right moment, without any blundering in the aim or unnecessary flourishing of the weapon. The humorous passages are equally indebted to this absence of unnecessary verbiage; Mr. Bright makes his point without boggling, with the certainty of hand of a practised master, and passes on, as it were, unconsciously. Take, for example, this neat thrust at Mr. Disraeli's political charlatanism. A feeble remedy suggested by the premier reminds him, he says, of an anecdote related by Addison. "He [Addison] says that in his time there was a man who made a living by cheating the country people. He was not a cabinet minister—he was only a mountebank—and he set up a stall and sold pills that were very good against an earthquake." Even Mr. Disraeli's own party could not but laugh at this delicate description of their leader.

The admirable conciseness and vigor of Mr. Bright's language make them an excellent study for young men who are under the usual temptation to florid rhetoric. It will do them good to see how much can be done by the utmost simplicity. They will observe, however, that the simplicity is of very little use unless there is something to be said. The nobler the thought, the plainer the dress which it will bear; and Mr. Bright's eloquence is really admirable because the ideas expressed are always broad and generous, and the policy defended is sufficiently large-minded to require no special pleading. No orator makes more frequent appeals to motives of justice and humanity; and it is the best proof of his merit that they never sound in his mouth like mere clap-trap or commonplace. In some respects to which we need not now refer, there are obvious limitations to Mr. Bright's field of intellectual vision; but his opinions, if sometimes based on rather narrow grounds, are never based on mean or selfish grounds. He has been frequently accused of setting class against class; people who have got a large share of political influence being of opinion that no one can propose to weaken their exclusive rights except from motives of the meanest jealousy; but readers of this volume will be inclined to acknowledge that a desire to break down class distinctions may be at least compatible with a lofty standard of political morality, and it is this constant appeal to lofty motives in simple language which gives Mr. Bright his peculiar oratorical power.

The Story of a Regiment: A History of the Campaigns and Associations in the Field of the Sixth Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry. By E. Hannaford, formerly a member of the regiment. (Cincinnati: Published by the Author, 38 West Fourth Street. 1868.) — This is a good-sized, well-printed book of over six hundred pages, and it is an extremely good book in its way. But a book so large in proportion to its subject is hardly within the domain to which criticism belongs. It will be read by few besides those who are interested in the regiment of which it is the story. The Sixth Ohio seems to have been a favorable specimen of the Western contingent, a plucky, well-drilled, intelligent, independent, not over well disciplined, remarkably healthy set of men. It campaigned in West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee; did a vast deal of marching and some hard fighting. It was present at the battles of Shiloh, Stone River, Chickamauga, and Mission Ridge or Chattanooga. Its loss was trifling at the first and last of these, and heavy at the other two, though not equal to the losses sustained in great battles by many other regiments in the late war. It took part in no other serious engagements, and it was mustered out of service in June, 1866. It is impossible to construct with the materials supplied by such a record a book so large as this that shall at the same time be interesting and valuable to the general public. And yet it is an excellent thing that it has been written, and it is much to be desired that every regiment that took a creditable part in the late war should find so competent and faithful a chronicler as Mr. Hannaford. Besides the interest it must possess for the members of the regiment and their friends, it contains many valuable bricks for the future builder, and will be found by all who love to read about the daily life of soldiers to contain much pleasant reading. The biography with which it abounds is limited in its interest, but any reader will note with satisfaction the modesty of the book, its manliness, good sense, and honesty, and will find his attention agreeably kept alive by its pleasant sketches of country, its life-like details of insig-

nificant fighting, and the infinite minuteness and fidelity with which it records the experiences of every hour of the camp, the march, and the bivouac; and there are a few passages of description in it which deserve high praise. Among these we would note particularly the excellent account of the Brown's Ferry expedition, in November, 1863, just before the battle of Chattanooga, by the success of which the first step was taken toward raising the siege of that place. Many people know that the leading feature of this admirably planned and managed enterprise was the movement of troops down the Tennessee in boats by night, but the details are not generally known. Mr. Hannaford has supplied the want. It is not easy to doubt that he was one of the party, though he modestly refrains from saying so, and he has told the story so vividly yet so simply that he might well base upon this alone a claim to a good place among the painters of pictures of the war.

State partialities are apt to be so strongly reflected in books of the class to which this belongs that we are prepossessed in favor of an Ohio soldier telling the story of an Ohio regiment when we find him saying, in his first chapter, "We have seen how grandly Ohio responded to the demands upon her, and yet she had no pre-eminence. The whole nation brought its best gifts. . . ." This is not a solitary instance. The moderation which it indicates is observable all through the book.

Handbook of the Stars, for School and Home Use. By W. J. Rolfe and J. A. Gillet, teachers in the High School, Cambridge, Mass. (Boston: Crosby & Alsworth).—If the authors of this work had adhered to their original design, as it is stated in the preface and suggested by the title, of confining their attention to the fixed stars, their book would have been less open to criticism; or if, moreover, they could have been induced to omit even the chapters on the fixed stars, publishing only the star maps which are now found at the end of their book, they would have done a useful work. But the work is issued as a text-book in astronomy for school use, and as such we regard it as not only defective, but positively injurious. It is destitute of any logical arrangement of subjects, and the discursive, careless style in which the nature and motions of the solar system have been disposed of seems to imply that "the urgent call for an astronomy without mathematics," to which the authors claim to have responded, has been understood to be a demand for an astronomy without logic. The greater part of the book is occupied with a description of the physical constitution of the heavenly bodies. Very little space is devoted to their motions, or to the laws which regulate these motions. Thus, the discussion of "spots on the sun" occupies seventeen pages, while all that, in the body of the work, relates to the true shape of the earth, proof of the diurnal motion of the earth, astronomical instruments, annual motion of the earth, precession and nutation, change of seasons and twilight, is comprised within sixteen pages. The chapter on comets is remarkable for containing no allusion to the parabolic form of their orbits. The law of universal gravitation is referred to neither in this chapter nor in connection with the planets. Indeed, although some six pages on the history of astronomy are inserted under the head of "the real motions of the stars," in a most inappropriate place, the name of Newton is found only in the appendix. After having referred to the planets as wandering stars, the authors proceed to justify the assertion that the earth is included in this class by a long account of its original igneous condition. The logical connection between the fact that ages ago the earth was "a blazing star," and the propriety of now regarding it as planet, seems to us somewhat obscure. Such is the superficial and almost childish treatment of the phenomena of astronomy; such is the disregard of any proper division of the subject; and in such an indefinite and vague manner is the necessary terminology presented to the reader, that we would far rather leave the scholar to his own unaided reflections than place this text-book in his hands.

Ab-sa-ra-ka, Home of the Crows. Being the Experience of an Officer's Wife on the Plains. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868).—This book gives an account of the expedition sent out in May, 1866, under command of Colonel H. B. Carrington, for the purpose of establishing forts along the line of the new route to Montana through Wyoming. One object it has in view is the suggestion of a new name—Absaraka—in place of Wyoming, with which designation there is now some talk of afflicting the Territory. The region was originally possessed by the Crow Indians, who have been partially dispossessed by the Sioux and Cheyennes. Ab-sa-ra-ka, signifying "The Home of the Crows," was the name by which it was known to them, and as the Crows have always been "good" Indians, it seems reasonable enough that the name should be retained. It has the

merit of sounding well, and of having a definite and appropriate meaning—merits to which the present title lays no claim.

The chief purpose of the book, however, is the clearing of Colonel Carrington from the imputations of cowardice and incompetency cast upon him at the time of the massacre of December 21, 1866, when eighty-one men of his command were killed by the Sioux and Cheyennes, at a short distance from Fort Phil. Kearney. The defence seems to show, conclusively enough, that the colonel was in no wise to blame in the matter. He had been sent out while the Territory was in a state of profound peace, with only men enough to build and garrison Fort C. F. Smith and Fort Phil. Kearney, and when the Indians became troublesome, as they did even before these forts were fairly completed, his requisitions on the Government at Washington for more men and more ammunition were not attended to. He managed, however, to keep his command tolerably unbroken—although the Indians were constantly harassing the wood trains, and picking off stray men and horses—until the 21st of December, when one of the trains was attacked by a very large body of Indians, and a party was sent out with strict orders, often reiterated, to do nothing but defend the train, and in no case whatever to attempt a pursuit. These orders were disobeyed. The Indians made a feint of retreating, and succeeded in drawing the party a good way out of reach of the fort, whereupon it was at once surrounded and every man was killed—the two officers highest in command having, it is supposed, committed suicide. Exaggerated accounts of the affair got into the Eastern papers at the time. It is seldom enough that an Eastern paper talks sense about the affairs of the Plains. The massacre was said to have occurred within sight of the fort, and Colonel Carrington with two full companies was said to have been inside, too much terrified to venture out to the rescue or even to open the gates to admit the soldiers who fled to it for refuge. This narrative before us asserts—and with every appearance of telling the truth—that a second party was sent out to the assistance of the first, but arrived too late to do anything. The unfortunate men were already murdered, and the Indians, in a body of fifteen hundred—more or less—were dancing and yelling around their mutilated corpses, and beckoning to the rescuing party to come down and be served like their predecessors. The author, whom we take to be Colonel Carrington's wife, seems, although she expresses herself with a good deal of moderation, to have felt very deeply the injustice of the blame thrown upon that officer, and seems to show clearly that it was altogether undeserved.

The book contains, also, some incidentally given information about the contemplated route, and about the nature and resources of the Territory. The author is, however, very evidently unused to writing, and not only expresses herself in a roundabout and most confused way, but is as unliterary in all other respects as she is in mere expression; for this reason the facts of her book constitute its only claim to consideration.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.— <i>Titles.</i>	Publishers.— <i>Prices.</i>
Bradford (Mrs. S. H.), Tales for Little Convalescents	(Hurd & Houghton) \$0 75
Brooks (S.), The Gordian Knot: A Tale	(Harper & Bros.)
Bulwer (Sir E. L.), The Rightful Heir: A Drama	(Harper & Bros.)
Burr (Rev. E. F.), Ecce Cœcum	(Nichols & Noyes) 1 25
Gray (T.), Elegy written in a Country Churchyard; Holiday ed.	(Scribner, Welford & Co.)
Griffith (R. T. A.), Scenes from the Ramayan, etc.	(John Wiley & Son)
Hall (S. R.), Alphabet of Geology	(Gould & Lincoln) 0 90
Hatto (J.), The Tallants of Barton: A Tale	(Roberts Bros.)
Howells (W. D.), No Love Lost: A Poem	(G. P. Putnam & Son) 1 25
Jenkin (Mrs. C.), Madame de Beaupré: A Tale	(Leopold & Holt.)
Leakin (Rev. Geo. A.), The Pictorial Law	(Pott & Amery) 0 75
Liddon (Rev. H. P.), The Divinity of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ	(Scribner, Welford & Co.)
Loving Jesus Early	(Pres. Pub. Committee)
Mountain Adventures	(Roberts Bros.)
Neubauer (A.), La Géographie du Talmud	(John Wiley & Son)
Notley (E. A.), Comparative Grammar of the French, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese Languages	(John Wiley & Son)
O'Reilly (M.), Memorials of the Irish Martyrs	(Cath. Pub. Soc.)
Schaff (Rev. P.), Christ in Song	(A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)
Shepard (Rev. G.), Sermons	(Nichols & Noyes)
Worman (J. H.), Complete German Grammar	(A. S. Barnes & Co.)

Fine Arts.

SECOND WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE galleries are about half full, as the exhibition opens. The catalogue contains three hundred and fifty-three numbers. The walls are more poorly furnished than they have been at any time before when the rooms were open at all. Not because the pictures are too few in number; to give each picture the chance which the painter would ask for it, to surround each with its proper wall space, to hang each in the best manner

for itself alone, would require even a smaller number of pictures or a larger place of exhibition. But this care which, when we become civilized, we shall take for our works of art, we shall take for better pictures than these. Is this exhibition open because the time was set beforehand and must be kept? Might we not have gone without it until the Water-Color Society should be ready? A notice on the back of the title-page of the catalogue announces that their exhibition will open in January. There is reason to hope great things of that; for the society's first show, which took place last winter, promised well for the future, and they are strong enough to turn out well every year. There is, moreover, a *raison d'être* for their collection which guarantees a certain number of good drawings, a larger number of attractive and interesting ones, and, for the whole collection, a self-illustrative and educational character; qualities which this dreary November exhibition wholly lacks, having been devoid for its part of any *raison d'être*.

It is not to be supposed that fall exhibitions are bad in themselves. It has been well suggested that these should be of the summer sketches of the artists, their out-of-door work and their studies of detail and of effect; while the spring exhibitions should remain nearly what they now are, a collection of finished studio-pictures. But what use in suggesting this or any such possible good, as long as nobody takes any interest in the thing? Who has sent to this exhibition? Few of those whose work is valuable have sent anything; of the few, all but two or three have sent old pictures, and not those old pictures which one cares the most to see again. Mr. Page's portraits, Mr. Colman's "New York Bay," Mr. J. F. Cole's pictures of pastoral subjects, Mr. Boughton's "Flower Girl," Mr. Lay's "Portrait," Mr. Weir's landscape, and in water-color Mr. Newman's peaches and Miss Wenzler's cranberries, are the only new works we notice of any peculiar interest. There is nothing new from Mr. Griswold; but his grey picture of two years ago, "The Last of the Ice," appears again, and has been repainted or retouched, we think, and for the better. Mr. Farrer, besides two slight sketches, one of which contains a suggestion of a not often painted cloud effect, sends a picture of the exhibition of 1859, "Gone, Gone." Mr. Brevoort sends an interesting last year's picture, one of his Farmington studies. Among the minor matters in the Corridor are interesting little drawings and proofs of new engravings, of which at another time, if at all.

Some slight attempt has been made to collect for exhibition the works of three painters who have died since the spring exhibition opened—Leutze, S. A. Mount, and Elliot. One end of the South Gallery is given up to Leutze; there are to be found six of his pictures of historical subjects, and four portraits, one of them of the painter himself, and seemingly by himself. At the time of his death this artist was fifty-two years old, of German family and German birth, and, although an American resident from his childhood, a German painter as well, and under the influence of the Düsseldorf School of Art. His best known works are large historical or romantic pictures, containing many figures; and of these several have been devoted to important events in American history, or to symbolical subjects connected with American life and nationality. His pictures have brought high prices; he has had, what comparatively few painters in this country have had, an opportunity of doing national work on a grand scale, and his reputation as a historical painter is pretty well established among the present generation of connoisseurs and picture buyers. Such success as ambition, energy, and constant diligence, joined to personal popularity, could give him, he has not failed to attain.

The influence of the Düsseldorf school upon American art is rapidly passing away. It was never very profound, and has been superseded by other influences, far more powerful and more likely to endure. The influ-

ence of that school over Leutze is deeply to be regretted; it failed to supply the needs of his nature, and it set up before him a false and artificial standard which he, not so richly gifted with the artistic sense as with mental qualities, followed but too closely. His defects as a painter are those which, with other teaching, he would have avoided or have amended. As a draughtsman of the figure, for instance, he is said, and with evident truth, to have sought to found his style rather upon the works of Kaulbach than upon any of the art produced in Düsseldorf itself. But Kaulbach's drawing, often facile, often swift and dextrous, often deceptive for a moment, is almost never *right*; that is to say, it never reaches great excellence. Difficult attitudes of the body he has never rendered with success, and he often tries, only to fail. Rapid motions of the body, swift movements of the limbs, muscles in violent action, constantly occur in his pictures, only to ruin the pictures that contain them. In the Nibelungen frescoes at Munich the javelin does not fly, the sword-stroke does not descend, nor the arm move to impel the weapon; all is fixed and frozen into the semblance of a group of wax figures. But these words, which we use only to convey our meaning to those who are not familiar with the originals, mean only that the drawing is bad. It is not only inferior to the best work of the great Italians; not only inferior to the best work of the great moderns, of Gainsborough and Le Sueur, Delaroche and Herbert, it is even bad within the critical knowledge of a beginner, and within the amending power of a pupil of the life class. Nor can it be said that the historical pictures of Kaulbach have any of the excellences of high art, of art on a great scale, and of ambitious subject.

The unfortunate influence of pretentious, mannered, and unreal art never left the work of Leutze. His pictures of the largest size and greatest pretension are the least admirable; the smaller ones are better, and of these the "Image Breaker" in this exhibition is perhaps the most natural, the most possible, and the best drawn. Both the figures in it are well conceived and well rendered up to a certain point, and, without great merit as a work of art, it is yet a well-told story.

The works which have been brought together of Elliot's pencil are thirty in number, and are grouped at the east end of the South Gallery, not in the West Room, as stated in the catalogue. These portraits show forcibly what was best in his practice—a certain freedom in the rendering of modern costume, removed at once from affected grace and from unsubdued stiffness and formality. In this respect he was almost unrivaled; nor is it a little thing to have done, to so far subdue the modern dress to the purposes of presentable painting. Of his power of portraiture, of seizing the likeness, it is, of course, excessively difficult to judge. Some painters have it largely, who have little other artistic power; but in others it is united with the highest excellence in other departments of art; nor is there any other means offered us of judging in any case than the slow taking of the census of portraits made. What Elliot most lacked as a painter was skill in painting; his color was not badly intended, but it was not well laid nor skilfully managed. In this respect, however, we compare him with the better workmen among his contemporaries—there are many of them worse painters than he was.

In the West Room are grouped a few pictures by Shepherd Alonzo Mount, who also died during the year. Since the exhibition was arranged on the 19th of November, Wm. S. Mount died as well; a few pictures in this exhibition represent his work, but they are not arranged together. It is probable that, in some of the changes which are pretty sure to take place in the arrangement of the pictures this winter, the works of each of these painters will be increased in number and hung together. We defer notice of them for the present.

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